

Work in China

Rev. began with Morrison

- Morrison

- Sun Yat-sen

9 - Chiang Kai-shek

7 - Parties -

2 - Brockman; 71

1 - YMCA

3 - C.T. Wang

- Robertson

- Interpreter

- St Stephens

- Foochow - 1914

1 - Subjects

Converted Robber

Sun Yat-sen

- China - 1934-35

- Results of mission

- Foochow graves - Yen

God Do it

71 - ~~guage~~

74 Pitkin

79 - Literati - St. Stephen

83 - China 1914

83 - Hunan

84 - Sun Yat-sen

85 - Foochow

New Era

90 - Morrison

93 - Political despotism

95 - Govt. aid

98 - Howager

101 - General Sun

102 - Sun Yat-sen

103 - Day of prayer - 1913

109 - The future

110 - Best or worst

115 - Literati

116 - K. S. Wong etc

118 - C. T. Wang

121 - Chang Po-ling

125 - Pitkin

128 - Missions

134 - God's work - challenge

Students of Asia

113 Yuan Shih-kai

117 Changsha 1914

128 moral character

135 missions

number of Christians

137 - Hangehow - 1914

138 - Jesus Christ

142 - Jesus Christ

Pathfinders

- 34 - Morrison
- 48 - Pitkin
- 54 - Luce
- 57 - Keller
- 62 - Home
- 176 - Du China
- 200 - Brockman
- 218 - Chang Po-ling
- 227 - Yen

Pathfinder	Year
Yen	1927
Chang Po-ling	1928
Chang Po-ling	1929
Chang Po-ling	1930
Chang Po-ling	1931
Chang Po-ling	1932
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Chang Po-ling	2029
Chang Po-ling	2030

China

1907 Hongkong

1908 First Tour

1911 2nd Tour (letters missing)

1912-13 Third Tour

1914 Fourth Tour

1918 Fifth Tour

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## Chapter 1

### EARLY YEARS OF PRIVILEGE

Length of days has been granted to me, and the years have been crowded with advantages and opportunities. It is now a long time since I was born on January 19, 1871, just before Paris surrendered in the Franco-Prussian War. One wonders if <sup>was</sup> ever there ~~was~~ a generation which witnessed social changes equal in depth and breath to those which have taken place from 1871 to 1954.

The imperialist powers of Europe rounded out their empires, and then saw them shattered by war and revolution. The American frontier has been pushed far beyond the shorelines of the Pacific. Two world <sup>Conflicts</sup> ~~events~~ have rocked the very foundations of civilization. The United States and Soviet Russia have emerged as leaders of ~~the~~ huge clashing <sup>great</sup> coalitions. China and India now have to be reckoned with as ~~world~~ powers, and all Africa is awakening. Science and technology have placed in human hands means of fabulous production, while improved communication and transportation have bound together the peoples of the nations in one vast neighborhood.

In the summer of 1889 I began to travel with my father, and have been moving about on the continents and across the oceans ever since. I have seen history in the making in many parts of the <sup>globe,</sup> ~~world,~~ and have known personally some of its chief architects. Hundreds of times in many lands I have talked with men of power in politics and education and religion. And it has been my joy to form warm friendships with some of the great souls of the age. On the back page of the New Testament which I have carried since 1917 are the autographs of Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Schweitzer, Toyohiko Kagawa, Sigmund Rhee, Charles F. Andrews, V. S. Azariah, Samuel M. Zwemer. I have been identified with several of the creative movements of these momentous years. It is natural, therefore, that I have an urge to share some of <sup>my</sup> ~~these~~ experiences with the reader.

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Leavenworth, Kansas, was the place of my birth. My father, George A. Eddy, was a wholesale druggist and one of the successful business men of the community. His income was always more than sufficient for the needs of <sup>the</sup> ~~his~~ family, although he never became a rich man, and generously he supported the causes in which he believed. As an outstanding citizen, he assumed leadership in various reform movements against the saloon, commercialized vice, and organized crime. He forfeited some ten thousand dollars annually because he refused to sell liquor, as was customarily done by wholesale druggists.

Clashing  
two huge  
coalitions.

as great powers

In 1889 he was appointed one of the two receivers of the bankrupt Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, by his local friend Judge Brewer, for whom my youngest brother ~~Brewer~~ was name<sup>d</sup>, and who later served as a member of the Supreme Court of the ~~United~~ United States. He proved to be a capable executive and helped to restore the railroad to solvency, but exhausted himself in the effort. While we were on vacation in the high mountains of Colorado in 1894, he suffered a stroke and died immediately. He was a reserved, quiet-spoken man, thoughtful and kindly, with a wholesome and enduring influence on all of us.

My mother, Margaret Louise Eddy, was the dynamic and decisive individual of the household. Indeed, she was one of the most amazing persons I have ever known, and remained unique and refreshing until her death at eighty-six. She was born in 1848, and in the middle fifties her father, Miles Norton, and the family moved to Leavenworth, when the west was really wild, with vast herds of buffalo roaming the prairie, and frequent wars with the Indians. The fact that <sup>for</sup> a short time she went to school with Buffalo Bill, who was two years younger, helps to place her. <sup>who had acquired substantial properties,</sup> Miles Norton died when mother was ten, ~~and thereby responsibility was thrust upon her.~~ She grew up rapidly and at fourteen went away to Elmira College in far off New York. At sixteen she was again in Kansas teaching school, and then back to Vassar in one of the early classes. There she suffered severely from headaches due to the ignorance of the oculist who fitted her with glasses. <sup>Thus</sup> ~~therefore~~, it was less difficult for father, in her senior year, to persuade her to marry him without delay. over

Mother was gifted with personality and would have stood out in any group anywhere. She was a precocious ~~salubrious~~ student with a brilliant and unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Equally remarkable was her strength of determination. There were times when she seemed to be nine-tenths will, and she was driven by terrific moral earnestness. Under other circumstances she might have outdone Carrie Nation with her hatchet. To the very marrow she was a reformer, with irrepressible zeal to set things straight. And this quality persisted until the end of her days.

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~~known to me that if that is to my credit!~~ And on mother's side, the family  
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We were a happy family, and should have been because we were blessed with the sources of joy. There was never any anxiety about where the next meal was to come from, and we were never hounded by debt-collectors. Discord between father and mother never jarred the household. We were reared in an atmosphere of affection and consideration. Such advantages as were provided by a <sup>mid-west</sup> river town in the seventies and eighties we enjoyed. <sup>over</sup> Religious training began early and we grew up in the Congregational Church. There was plenty of discipline in the home, but no repression. We were taught to think for ourselves and our opinions were respected. We practiced freedom of speech and no member of the family was immune from friendly assault. We learned to take criticism without rancor, even when it was sharp and ~~penetrating~~ got beneath the skin. *Religious training etc*

I was the oldest child, Dana was next, and Brewer was the youngest. Our only sister died early when I was five. For the most part we enjoyed good health, although I had a bad time with scarlet fever for some months. Dana grew to manhood, married Katherine Willard, prepared himself at Johns Hopkins to be a medical missionary, but was carried away shortly after his graduation. Brewer went to Yale, where he <sup>was</sup> active in the famous missionary group, and <sup>married Josephine</sup> later became home secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church, serving in that capacity until his death in .

We had the normal enjoyments of growing boys in a favorable ~~atmosphere~~ environment, including camping and hunting.

I can never be sufficiently grateful for the wisdom of our parents in our religious training. There was no morbidity and sense of impending doom in the religion we absorbed, no fear of hell-fire and eternal damnation. As we grew older we were nurtured on Henry Drummond and Lyman Abbott. The local Congregational Church derived its heritage from New England, and was a liberalizing and stimulating influence in our lives. And what we were taught, we witnessed in the lives of our parents.

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We were never taught that dancing, card playing and theater were wrong.  
On the contrary, no healthy amusement was tabooed in the home, so we  
never felt any need to seek unsavory pleasures.

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In looking back over my boyhood, it is difficult to envisage a situation in which I could have been happier, or <sup>been exposed to</sup> ~~had more~~ ~~more~~ more invigorating influences. Chief of all was an extraordinarily joyous home and growth into a satisfying religious experience.

From Leavenworth High School I went to Phillips Andover Academy, and then to Yale, where I was graduated in the class of <sup>'91</sup> ~~1900~~. In those days I had serious trouble with my sight, due to the failure of <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ oculist to fit me with glasses which <sup>would</sup> ~~correct~~ my astigmatism. At prep school I took the scientific course, and at Yale ~~the~~ engineering ~~course~~ in the Sheffield Scientific School. My grades were mediocre, sixth in high school, third in Phillips Andover, and half way down the class at Yale.

In looking over some things that I have written through the years, I find a chapter, "Education and Mis-Education," where I made a vigorous indictment of <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~ entire system of education then prevailing. My complaint was that education was too materialistic, too much a mass performance, too dogmatic, and failed to create in the student a thirst for knowledge and a habit of zestful study. It is possible that I was reading back into <sup>early</sup> ~~my~~ ~~own~~ experience, observations and convictions of later years. Even so, I cannot recall a single inspiring teacher in the fourteen years of my schooling. The one exception is a brief moment when I came under the spell of William Rainey Harper. Then, too, I had the good fortune in my personal reading to fall in love with Milton, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning.

Even though I did not get much education in college, I had a thoroughly good time, with athletics, <sup>sleighing</sup> ~~skating~~ and skating, <sup>and general</sup> ~~and~~ hilarity. On record is my achievement with a military essay which won a prize of twenty-five dollars. I declined membership in one of the best fraternities, and <sup>have</sup> ~~have~~ always been glad that I did. I kept morally straight and escaped the regrets of many students.

The summers of that period were spent traveling <sup>throughout</sup> ~~across~~ the country with my father and ~~the~~ other members of our family. As receiver of the railway, he was entitled to use a private car and <sup>have about</sup> ~~travel~~ on passes anywhere in the United States. Thus I began the life of travel which has continued until this day. The summer I was graduated from Yale, with a friend I toured parts of Europe, seeing sights as any tourist.

Our entire family had a delightful experience the following summer in visiting the Swiss mountains, and the show places of Europe.

The ~~whole~~ course of my life was changed by going with the Yale delegation to the Northfield student conference in the summer of 1890, at the end of my <sup>U</sup> junior year. Reluctantly I consented to go to this <sup>gathering</sup> religious ~~conference~~, <sup>but</sup> not until ~~an~~ assurance was given that I would have a good time with baseball, track events, and swimming. There I came <sup>e</sup> under the influence of Dwight L. Moody. When I heard him read the text, "If any man thirst, let him come and drink; From <sup>rivers,</sup> within him shall flow ~~and~~ and listened to his challenge, I was possessed <sup>by</sup> ~~with~~ desire to make my own life count. A Bible training class under James McConaughy proved to be significant because out of it came, a few months later, an invitation to join the staff of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York.

Thus it happened that after leaving Yale, I spent a year in Association work in New York. For the first time I ~~came~~ was brought in touch with life in the raw. My previous experiences had been in a small town, in school and college communities, with <sup>respectable</sup> people. ~~Now~~ Now I had to deal with the unemployed, the dissolute, men who had failed to make the grade, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ was introduced to the problems of a big city. My room was just below <sup>tower</sup> that of Robert R. McBurney in the ~~house~~ of the Twenty-third Street building. ~~Just~~ The intimate <sup>contact</sup> ~~relationship~~ with him would have been worth the entire year spent there. He was "the ideal secretary," "the most creative individual in the Movement in the nineteenth century," "with a genius for friendship." The mark he made upon me was ineradicable.

During this year in New York I made the decision to become a foreign missionary, and signed the card of the Student Volunteer Movement. <sup>over</sup> Many experiences combined in prompting me to do this. My mother was a walking illustration of sense of duty, and from her I caught the crusading spirit. At Northfield powerful influences had played upon me. And here was Robert McBurney exposing me constantly to the impact of a wholly dedicated life.

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This was a sharp break in my plans, because I had intended to go into the lumber business and make money, for plenty of it.

would have a good time with baseball, track events, and swimming. There I came under the influence of Dwight L. Moody. When I heard him read the text, "If any man thirst, let him come and drink: from within him shall flow rivers," and listened to his challenge, I was possessed with desire to make my own life count. A Bible training class under James McManney proved to be significant because out of it came, a few months later, an invitation to join the staff of the Twenty-third Street branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York.

Thus it happened that after leaving Yale, I spent a year in association with life in New York. For the first time I came was brought in touch with life in the new. My previous experience had been in a small town, in school and college communities, with people. Now I had to deal with the unemployed, the dissolute, men who had failed to make the grade. I was introduced to the problems of a big city. My room was located just below the headquarters of Robert H. McManney in the Twenty-third Street building. I met the intimate acquaintance with him would have been worth the entire year spent there. He was "the ideal secretary," "the most creative individual in the movement in the nineteenth century," "with a genius for friendship." The mark he made upon me was indelible. During this year in New York I made the decision to become a foreign missionary, and aimed the card of the Student Volunteer Movement. Many experiences combined in pressing me to do this. My mother was a walking illustration of sense of duty, and from her I caught the overriding spirit. At Northfield powerful influences had played upon me. And here was Robert McManney exposing me constantly to the impact of a wholly dedicated life.

In preparation for work overseas, I spent two years at Union Theological Seminary, working as student assistant to the great preacher, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, and spending week-ends in college deputation work for the Student Volunteer Movement, with Henry Luce and Horace Pitkin. The Union of that day was not an inspiring center, and my days there were less profitable than I had anticipated. Before I transferred to Princeton Theological Seminary, I spent a year as one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, still with Luce and Pitkin.

It is difficult for this generation of students to realize how impelling was the appeal of the SVM for us in those days. We were passionately convinced that Christ is the hope of mankind and that it is inexcusable for Christians to permit vast areas of the earth to remain <sup>personal</sup> unoccupied by Christian witnesses. We felt a sense of responsibility for the evangelization of the world in this generation. By that we meant that every person everywhere should <sup>have</sup> opportunity to <sup>hear</sup> the Christian gospel and have <sup>thus</sup> ~~opportunity~~ a chance to accept <sup>Christ</sup> ~~him~~ and follow his way of life. No soldier was ever gripped by a stronger sense of duty to do battle for his country than we Volunteers felt obliged to take the Christian message to the farthest outreaches of the earth. The more the needs of distant peoples were made vivid, and the more emphasis was given to the obstacles to be overcome and the dangers to be faced, the keener became our eagerness to go. over- With this ~~frame~~ frame of mind, the New Testament became a living document, and we read the Acts of the Apostles with throbbing hearts. Our God is a living God, and our Christ is a risen Lord. The precious promises of Holy Scripture we took to ourselves personally. We expected great things from God, and <sup>joyously we</sup> ~~attempted~~ <sup>ed</sup> attempt great things for God. The doings <sup>heroic</sup> of the early missionaries, Morrison and Carey and Judson, thrilled us with exhilaration. We were eager to <sup>help</sup> ~~participate~~ in the writing of a new Acts of the Apostles, <sup>and we</sup> ~~we~~ entered into the experience which, in theological language, is called the fellowship of the saints. Even at <sup>my present</sup> ~~my~~ advanced age, ~~the mere~~ the mere recollection of those days brings a surge of overpowering emotion.

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The Student Volunteer Movement was only eight years old when I became a traveling secretary. It was born at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, in 1886, at one of the most significant gatherings ever held within Christendom. Dwight L. Moody invited two hundred and fifty-one students from eighty-seven colleges to come together for several weeks of Bible Study. No major emphasis on foreign missions was planned, but several students came with determination to enlist men for service in other lands. The leader of this group was Robert P. Wilder, of Princeton. Before the conference ended an cards, even one hundred students signed ~~the Volunteering~~ offering themselves and for missionary service, the Student Volunteer Movement was launched on its life-<sup>sharing</sup> career.

Robert Wilder became the first traveling secretary. He was followed by Robert E. Speer, ~~and then came J. Campbell White, F. A. Keller, and D. Willard Lyon.~~ It was the latter who enlisted the inseparable three for deputation work in the colleges. I was then offered the position as traveling secretary. I counted <sup>on</sup> with the proposal that ~~these~~ Pitkin, Luce and myself be named, although just one salary was available, and the three of us <sup>would</sup> support ourselves. That arrangement was worked out and during the academic year 1894-95 we were turned loose on the colleges of the east and south and middle west. <sup>Each of us</sup> then obtained Volunteers, and ~~helped to obtain~~ financial resources to make it possible for a dozen of them to go.

In the <sup>winter</sup> ~~summer~~ of 1895, I crossed the Atlantic for <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ third trip, to attend the Student Volunteer Convention in Liverpool, where I spoke. Just as we were ~~leaving~~ nearing the end of the voyage, our ship struck the rocks and went down off the northern coast of Ireland. Fortunately, all passengers were rescued.

The three of us decided to spend a year in Princeton Theological Seminary before going to the foreign field. At that <sup>time</sup> all of us expected to work in China. Here we were exposed to extreme and aggressive fundamentalism. Many were the heated arguments we had with Professor Warfield who was teaching hell-fire and damnation theology. We were so eager to prepare ourselves that we formed the habit of spending two hours in private worship early in the morning, the first hour being devoted to

zealous study of the Bible, and then a long period of prayer. In the difficult days ahead we were grateful for these hours, and for the habit of beginning the day with God.

At the last minute, I yielded to the persuasion of John R. Mott and went to India to do student work. Pitkin and Luce sailed for China, where the former was killed by the Boxers in 1900, and where the latter had a long and useful career. Before ~~going~~ going the three of us told Mr. Lyon and Mr. Mott that we did not accept the theory of eternal burning of unrepentant sinners, and were not going to preach it.

So I had come to the end and to the beginning. One stage of my life was over and another period opened up before me. I looked backward with joy and thanksgiving, and I <sup>looked</sup> ~~looked~~ forward with eagerness and expectancy. My life had been crammed with privilege, and showers of blessings were to rain down upon me all the days of my life.

Chapter 2  
SHARING AND <sup>RECEIVING</sup> ~~LEARNING~~ IN INDIA

Nearly six decades have passed since I <sup>first</sup> went to India in 1896. Memory is a marvelous gift from God, and brings a surge of joy as I share with you experiences of long ago. But memory is not infallible, far from it, and with honest desire it is not easy to speak with accuracy about events when memory has been piled upon memory in successive layers as city has been built upon city at some ancient site. The writing of autobiography is therefore a work of archaeology, and I must dig through half a century of rapidly accumulating life to unearth those early experiences in India. The difficulty of doing this is made plain when I compare, and sometimes contrast, what I actually wrote down in the closing years of the nineteenth century half a century later with with my ~~own~~ <sup>over</sup> interpretations of those same happenings. ~~all~~

Religious conviction carried me to India, so I ought to begin with my faith and hope. Salvation was the important word in my vocabulary. Deep and decisive was my conviction that men needed to be saved. By that I meant rescued from the sins of the flesh and of the spirit in this world, and prepared for eternal life with God in rejection of the theory of the age to come. My ~~eternal burning~~ <sup>firmly</sup> eternal burning has already been set forth, but ~~firmly~~ I was convinced of the lostness of human souls.

Salvation comes through Christ. About this I had no doubt. My faith was warm evangelical Christianity. Never much concerned about theological discussions of the deity and divinity and humanity of Jesus, how he could at the same time be God and man, I lived on the <sup>faith</sup> ~~conviction~~ that Jesus is the supreme incarnation, revelation, illustration, of the character and purpose of God himself. Salvation is from God, not from just any sort of deity, but from the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore my faith was Christ-centered and I preached salvation through him with all the fervor of my soul.

Before going to India, I wrote in 1893 a pamphlet entitled The Supreme Decision of a Christian Student, which was printed in successive editions for the next thirty years. Perhaps I cannot bare my own heart

Nearly six decades have passed since I went to India in 1888.

Fortunately for this purpose, I began almost immediately to send

home long accounts which came to be known as report letters, and

also to make a record in the form of articles, pamphlets, and books.

And friends with whom I shared experiences likewise <sup>wrote</sup> down their

own ~~summaries~~ <sup>summaries</sup> of contemporary ~~experiences~~ <sup>events</sup>.

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statements will be rich and deep.

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editions for the next thirty years. Perhaps I cannot have my own heart

more fully than to share with you short passages from that pamphlet of sixty years ago. Among the joys of being a missionary, these were listed,

To be successors of the prophets, and not merely to prophesy but to fulfill! To bring the day the prophets saw; ~~to~~ fill the earth with His glory... Best of all, to repeat the life of Christ to a nation that has not known Him; privileged, perhaps, even to be misunderstood, rejected, crucified... Have all the ages offered angels or men a greater glory than to carry on the work "which Jesus began"?

<sup>in a later edition,</sup>  
Included in my exhortation, were these words:

... do not hesitate to come because of a lurking suspicion that these people do not really need saving. I listened to the roseate presentations of the Parliaments of Religions, and I have studied sympathetically the broken and beautiful rays of ethical truth in other faiths, and I rejoice in them. But when it comes to the people themselves, to the fruits of those religions in daily life, those who know them and who know Christ will agree that the ethnic religions are fundamentally inadequate and that these people imperatively need Christ. Of one thing I am sure: if you come abroad because of the need you will never be disappointed. You will find downright hard work, a grim fight and no romance, but you will find God here and human hearts, needy beyond all description. If you believe in Christ as the Saviour of the world, if you have real gifts and want to make your life count for most, you will be on the safe side if you place your life in the needier half of the world.

Not only did men need salvation, not only could men be saved through ~~Jesus~~ Jesus, the Christian messenger has access to resources of power adequate for ~~every situation~~ every situation. In those days we <sup>relied</sup> heavily upon the promise <sup>that the</sup> Holy Spirit ~~is~~ would be given to those who would follow its guidance. True Christians have always believed this. ~~It was a great day in the life of the early Christian community.~~ Pentecost was a great day in the life of the early Christian community. The Acts of the Apostles abounds with illustrations of power from God.

George Fox spoke of that of God in every man, responsive to the inner God's light. I had felt power flowing into me from Moody and McBurney. The story of <sup>the evangelist</sup> Charles G. Finney is a continuing demonstration of power.

So we missionaries <sup>turned to</sup> prayer as a means of releasing the <sup>very</sup> ~~power~~ <sup>might</sup> of God. With us prayer was not just a theory, a spiritual setting-up exercise; it was rather the human spirit entreating the divine Spirit to forgive and to purify and to empower. As memory races back across the decades, images fill the mind of early morning vigils, all night communion, exalted hours spent with God. We prayed alone and we prayed together. I find that report letters written then are saturated

with references to the illimitable power of prayer, and ~~and~~ pleadings with friends at home to be faithful in intercession. This is the way I really felt in those days, :

for  
Oh ~~words~~ words to tell you the need here in India. Encouraging as is the work among the lower castes, the students are standing like a rock against Christianity. Nothing but prevailing prayer to call down the convicting power of the Holy Spirit can break their opposition and win them for Christ... When I hear of dear Donald Fraser, through the power of prayer behind him, seeing 600 students brought to Christ in the last three months in South Africa... can you imagine how thirsty it makes me for this dear land of India, and it makes me turn to plead with all of you at home who are willing to test the power of prayer to call down showers of blessings on these students and through them upon the three hundred millions of this needy land.... I have time to write one word more. There is no question what to write. It is this. Pray!

And we treasured the Bible, looking upon it as a powerhouse from which to gain wisdom and strength for the day's work. We did not go to it looking for proof-texts with which to win an argument, but to drink from its everlasting springs of water. We really studied the Bible, taught the Bible, quoted the Bible. In looking back over things that I wrote in those days, I come across brief study texts, "Studies in Ephesians," "Studies in the Pauline Epistles," "Studies in Romans," "Studies in the Epistles and Revelation of John," "Studies in the Acts." Surrounded as we <sup>appalling suffering</sup> were by ~~distressing~~ and cesspools of evil, knowing that men urgently needed salvation, believing implicitly in God's <sup>Sacred</sup> promises, we zealously searched the Scripture with <sup>intense</sup> ~~excessive~~ expectation of being blessed with power.

over  
h. 4.  
About two years after landing in India, I wrote a little pamphlet, A Spiritual Awakening, which was a brief biography of Charles G. Finney, the Oberlin evangelist. His life seemed to me to illustrate the things I believed and the way I wanted to live. He was a winner of souls, in public meetings and in personal pleading. That was exactly what I was trying to do. In one of his sermons, Finney pointed out the signs of an approaching revival of religion: (1) When the wickedness of the wicked grieves, humbles, and distresses the Christians. (2) When Christians have a spirit of prayer for a revival. (3) When the attention of ministers is especially directed to this particular object, and when their preaching and other efforts are aimed <sup>directly</sup> ~~particularly~~ for

the conversion of sinners. (4) When Christians begin to confess their sins to one another. (5) When Christians are found willing to make the sacrifices necessary to carry it on.

This little biography had wide reading in India and in China. Perhaps its chief value was its effect upon my own life as I concentrated on the study and writing of it. It prompted me to preach for conviction and decision, to work diligently at the task of arousing and training Indian pastors for soul-winning evangelism, to enter into <sup>Comradeship</sup> ~~relationship~~ with my fellow missionaries for the nurture of our own lives, and to pray without ceasing, especially for the awakening of the Christian church in India, for its purification and for its ~~empowering~~ <sup>opening</sup>.

No reader will be able to enter with understanding into the work I tried to do in India if he misses the significance of the way we missionaries felt and what our driving purpose really was. Men needed to be saved, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and God had laid his hand upon me to be his witness. In the most actual sense I felt myself to be in the train of the prophets, <sup>a</sup> successor of the apostles, <sup>a</sup> follower of the early Christians, <sup>a</sup> companion of my Lord, fellow worker with God in divine business. <sup>And across all the intervening years, I still know this is</sup> <sup>near 14</sup> <sup>fifteen years from</sup> <sup>March</sup> My term in India covered ~~the~~ <sup>from</sup> September, 1896 to ~~1911~~ <sup>1911</sup>.

~~For five years~~ For five years I served as college secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for India and Ceylon, and as secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Then I was evangelistic secretary ~~for~~ <sup>of the Y. M. C. A.,</sup> ~~and conducted~~ <sup>and</sup> a mission station for the American Board, of the Congregational Church, dividing my time between work with students and with the masses.

Because English was the language of the educational system established in India by the British, I <sup>started</sup> ~~begin~~ evangelistic <sup>speaking</sup> ~~work~~ in the colleges without delay, working with Hindu and Christian students. Beginning with ~~high~~ <sup>high caste</sup> ardent hopes of winning converts among Hindus ~~and Christians~~, I was soon reminded that in the entire history of Christian missionaries in India, few indeed were the baptized converts from the higher castes. After pouring out my very soul in public meetings and personal conversation <sup>about four</sup> ~~for a year~~ <sup>and more</sup>, I reached the conclusion that it would be wiser to devote major energy to the task of strengthening the Christian church by winning converts from the lower

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Five months after arriving in India, my first volume was published  
in London. My Silver and Gold ~~was~~ <sup>always</sup> was not much of a book, but it set  
forth an idea which has gripped me, ~~that~~ <sup>all</sup> that life is to be held  
in stewardship. My recollection is that this slim little volume was  
written as the result of a request following my addresses at the Liverpool  
Convention in 1895. Its four chapters were: the teaching of the Word of  
God regarding stewardship, the world's need a demand for Christian steward-  
ship, the church's use and abuse of the stewardship, the opportunity of  
the hour for Christian stewardship. These words will show you how I felt:

↑ We are to do ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> to the glory of God. Every shilling represents twelve  
units of opportunity and responsibility. It will keep a smoker in  
tobacco for several days, or preach the gospel for three days in India  
through native lips. Five shillings will furnish an evening's amuse-  
ment, or it will keep a boy in a mission day-school for twelve months.  
Ten pounds will send a native pastor for a whole year through  
villages that have never heard the gospel. With such possibilities  
in money, how can we waste even a penny?... The supreme need of the  
day seems to be a consecrated stewardship empowered by prayer.... Will  
you today ~~lay~~ <sup>lay</sup> hold of the mighty power of prayer for the awakening  
of His Church and the coming of the Kingdom?

This little ~~book~~ <sup>book</sup> must have been read by a few people because a second  
edition was brought out the next year.

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strengthening the Christian church by winning converts from the lower

castes, by enlisting able young Indians for the Christian ministry and  
 and  
 Christian education, by training and nurturing students for the Christian  
 ministry.

This decision was hastened by a period of temporary <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ deep  
 depression which overwhelmed me in November, 1897. I had been working too  
 hard under intense strain, was having trouble sleeping at night, and was  
 in agony of disappointment at my failure to win high caste converts, and  
 was on the verge of nervous collapse. Then in Mhow, in Western India,  
 after a sleepless night, too exhausted to kneel, I lay on my face and  
 cried to God for a way out. Suddenly, with all the objectivity of a  
 spoken word, came the truth, "Whoever drinks and keeps drinking of the  
 water I shall give him shall never thirst again. It shall become like  
 a well, like a spring, like a fountain leaping up forever in fresh life  
 within him." <sup>ed</sup> Something happens to me in that hour beyond my ~~comprehension~~  
 understanding or explanation. I was in the position of the blind man  
~~in the New Testament~~ in the New Testament, "Whereas I was blind,  
 now I see." I had been depressed, now I was exultant. I had been  
 defeated, now I felt triumphant. I had been exhausted, now I felt  
 power surging through me. I knew that I could be counted as one of  
 the succession of twice-born <sup>men</sup> through the centuries. And from that day  
 to this moment, discouragement and despair have never come again. Only  
 God knows how many mistakes I have made since then, how many failures  
~~in my record~~ <sup>man</sup> in my record. But day in and day out, through the years,  
 the fountain within has continued to bubble up with life-sustaining water.  
 In New Testament days this was called miracle. Name it whatever you will,  
 it has been the supreme reality of my life for sixty wondrous years.  
 shared with  
 I have ~~shared this experience~~ this experience ~~in~~ a thousand audiences all  
 individuals  
 over the earth, and always ~~have~~ have told me it brought new faith and  
 into  
 determination ~~in~~ their own lives.

Just one year later, on November 10, 1898, I was married to Miss  
 Maud Arden. This was unexpected, to say the least, because as a joke  
 I had helped <sup>to</sup> form an Anti-Matrimonial League, and had boasted that I  
 would never be ensnared. But I had reckoned without the lady. Her father,  
 Rev. A. H. Arden, had been an Anglican missionary in India. On the return

voyage after furlough in England, Maud <sup>collapse</sup> Arden saw her father at her feet after conducting the ship's service and die immediately. Within a few hours I was ~~introduced~~ introduced to her in the home of a friend in Bombay. I capitulated on the spot when I saw her beautiful face ~~and felt the spell of her~~ <sup>gentle</sup> spirit. Her response was less rapid, and she kept me in agonized suspense for an eternity, well, it was a full month. Our married life was too glorious and sacred to be talked about, but this I can say, she was altogether the most beautiful spirit I have <sup>ever</sup> known on this earth. For nearly half a century our lives were merged in <sup>radiant joy</sup> comradeship.

<sup>over</sup> Our mission station was at Batlagundu in South India, far down in the tropics, <sup>near</sup> ~~not far from~~ the equator, where the heat was intense most of the year. We lived in a compound ~~surrounded by the mission station~~ <sup>of plastered brick</sup> and slept in a mat shed on the roof to get every possible breath of air. With the help of an elderly missionary in the distant hills, we had the joint care of fifty schools and sixty churches in a population of 5,000 Christians, and half a million Hindus and Mohammedans. When on tour ~~among them~~ in this station, I traveled in a two-wheeled bullock cart, at two miles an hour, until friends in Denver gave me a motorcycle on which to cover the field. Our territory was about fifty miles square, and we had about one hundred Indian fellow workers, teachers and preachers.

- and its tires were punctured much of the time.

Our days were crowded and we were <sup>exceedingly</sup> extraordinarily happy. Maud Eddy had grown up speaking Tamil and had become quite a scholar in it. I took seriously <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ study <sup>of Tamil</sup>, seemed to have some gift for it, learned it rapidly, and soon spoke it fluently. In this I was helped greatly by our life of intimate and continuous contact with Tamil-speaking people, and also by a unique experience with a theological seminary.

The recent death of a missionary had thrust upon me responsibility for training Indian students for the Christian ministry. We decided to put the seminary on wheels - bullock cart wheels - and do class work and field work at the same time. So for ten months we were out in the villages for three out of every four weeks. I find two old report letters full of descriptions of our experience, written in October, 1901, at the beginning of the tour, and in June, 1902, at the conclusion.

Early in 1899 I had the glorious privilege of being with F. B. Meyer, the great British preacher, on a two months' tour of all India. Evangelistic meetings were held in twelve strategic cities. My own attitudes ~~are revealed~~ that are revealed in these words from a letter sent home at ~~the~~ time:

In all of these cities Mr. Meyer's teaching centered in two truths, Calvary and Pentecost; the cross to set us free from sin within our own hearts and the Holy Spirit working through us to enable us to do God's work without. Do we not all need this? Take my besetting sin for instance. Do I realize that Christ conquered this for me at the cross? Since the cross I can reckon myself dead to all sin. I am free from its power if I claim the victory Christ won for me by death. The cross was my victory. Oh I wish I could make this plain! It has become everything to me in the last two years.

In March, 1900, I sent home a letter describing the awful famine which was taking its ghastly toll across wide areas <sup>of India</sup>. Somehow ~~this~~ <sup>letter</sup> letter ~~was~~ <sup>a letter of</sup> passed from person to person, and was widely reprinted, with the result that \$17,000 was sent to me for famine relief, coming from American Indians, southern Negroes, Chinese girls, from twelve countries in all.

For a short ~~During this~~ period my wife and I tried faith healing, too no medicine, and for a time I discarded my glasses. Becoming convinced that immersion is the Scriptural form of baptism, we were immersed, to the consternation and even indignation of some of our Anglican friends.

They carry me back half a century to this wonderful year when I was learning <sup>the language,</sup> ~~also~~ teaching twenty young Indian students for the ministry, preaching frequently, with one week per month at home and in supervising the station.

Let me use the very language of long ago:

We are out among the villages, far from railway or white man, with a score of earnest Theological students, preaching morning and night from village to village in the joy of carrying the gospel to a thousand souls a day; spending the hot noon hours studying in the tents in the shade of some little grove, striking camp and moving on every few days till our month's itinerary is over... Suddenly every dog is awake and with din of howls and barking arouse the village at our arrival. We come in with our violin and a song, and are followed down the street by the curious crowd. Arrived at the market-place we continue to sing till all the people are gathered. Then one by one we try to tell the simple story that can change their lives. ~~xxxxxx left the last camp xxxxx our twenty theological students~~

As we walked through the fields each day I would take a mile or two alone with each man. We would first take up the problems of his own life. Then I would assign him a text or two and give him time to prepare an outline for a sermon or address, which we would later discuss. In the heat of the day we studied and had class discussion. At night in a <sup>town</sup> <sup>hundreds</sup> neighboring ~~villages~~ some eagerly ~~xxx~~ followed the magic lantern story of the life of Christ. And at the end I wrote:

We have left the last camp. Our twenty theological students have just finished preaching the gospel in the tenth and last station of the Madura Mission, having proclaimed the glad news as fully as they could in 2,000 villages and towns... The object of the year's work has been twofold - to give these twenty students a love for God's Word that they might be trained to study it for themselves, and to give them a love for souls that men might be saved.

~~Following this year on wheels, my time was divided between speaking in the colleges and supervising the mission and preaching in the villages.~~

That summer we had a remarkable experience in the hill station where we missionaries went to rest and to escape the worst heat. About a hundred of us met weekly for Bible study in the Psalms. Soon, however, the burden was so laid upon us by God to pray for a spiritual awakening among the Christians and non-Christians that these meetings had to be given up to this one absorbing theme. From a weekly class the meetings began to be held daily, and we went forth with new faith and keener zeal. Fifty years later I was to receive a letter from an old friend reminding me of the preciousness of the blessing we received ~~as~~ as we talked and prayed together.

Until the end of my term in India, my time was divided between working with students in the colleges and supervising the mission station and preaching in the villages. I had something to share, and with ardor threw myself into public addresses and personal conversations. Often I spoke three times daily, and sometimes even more frequently. Hours and hours were devoted to challenging and persuading men one by one to give their lives to Christ and take up his work for their fellows. And my soul rejoiced over the response <sup>some of</sup> of these individuals. Indeed, it is probable that the most enduring thing I did in India was to leave an indelible imprint on a few choice souls.

Chief of all was my warm and sustained friendship with Vethanayahan Samuel Azariah, who later became the first Anglican Indian bishop. He was the first Indian I met when I arrived in Calcutta in 1896, and for fifteen years he <sup>was</sup> my best friend, Indian or foreign. Since we were both entering Y. M. C. A. work together as young secretaries - I was a little more than twenty-five and he some two years younger - we had much in common. Both were adventuring into new experiences in new fields where we were beyond our depths and had to sink or swim. I remember an early conversation between us that was crucial. When I questioned Azariah about our friendship, he replied that he supposed we were as close friends as an Indian and a foreigner could ever be. This seemed to me to imply that he felt some subtle racial barrier between us and that I would be kept at arm's length in a sort of second-class friendship. When I showed that his attitude struck me like a blow, he was amazed that any foreigner would want a complete and equal friendship with an Indian.

I find that as early as 1898 I was writing home about Azariah, "a young man with bright face, a heart as true as gold, and a character that is shining testimony for Christ. There are few Christian college men at home who could compare with him in a deep intelligent Christian life." Then he became my fellow worker in evangelistic campaigns in <sup>and villages.</sup> the colleges. When we were speaking in Jaffna, Ceylon, in 1902, Azariah was deeply impressed by the heroic missionary enterprise of Jaffna.

College in sending a missionary to India. One night after a meeting there he went out under the palm trees along the seashore to pray; of Syrian Christian and he shed bitter tears to think ~~that~~ his own great churches unawakened. When he returned to India, he gathered together young men from the churches and they organized the Indian Missionary Society of Tinnevely, on February 12, 1903. The next year year they sent a missionary to work among the poorest outcasts at Dornakal, in the Hyderabad State. Azariah and I went <sup>an</sup> up down the land challenging Indian Christians to accept responsibility for the work of evangelizing their own people. ~~And~~ And we succeeded in assembling seventeen delegates, speaking eight languages and representing every part of India, to a conference in the pioneer <sup>missionary</sup> Carey's historic library at Serampore at the end of December, 1905. <sup>At</sup> ~~After~~ this meeting came the formation of the National Missionary Society. Azariah was elected general secretary, while he continued to <sup>also</sup> serve as secretary of the Tinevelley society.

The immensely significant work done by the National Missionary Society of India was the subject of a doctor's dissertation at the University of Chicago in 1944 by Donald Fossett Ebright. After <sup>four years</sup> ~~some~~ the missionary zeal of Azariah mounted to the degree that he felt obliged to give himself to the neediest people he could find. So he went to the <sup>in Dornakal</sup> mission being supported by <sup>his own</sup> ~~the~~ Tinevelley Society. ~~at~~ <sup>of us</sup> ~~there~~. Many felt that it would be disastrous to lose this most useful leader in all India. It would be like Mott and Speer ~~and~~ at the height of their careers both going to Africa to work among primitive people there. I did all I could to dissuade Azariah; but I might as well have argued with William Carey, or Judson, or Morrison against going to the mission field, for nothing could now stop him. <sup>Dornakal</sup> So to ~~himself~~ he went and began to do there the mightiest work yet done in ~~India~~ India by Indian Christians, and far more than by any foreign missionaries. Thus was my weak faith rebuked. <sup>No 7</sup> in 1912, ~~The~~ The next time I saw Azariah, he was being consecrated ~~there~~ as the first Indian Anglican bishop of the Christian Church.

Through the years we inseparables worked also for the unity of the Christian churches of India. And we rejoiced in the formation of the United Church of South India, which included the Congregational, Presbyterian, Reformed, the Established and free churches of Scotland, and the Basel Reformed churches in one. But several great churches were still outside, and we continued to pray and work for the day when all Christians in India would be found together in the fellowship of ~~the~~ a United Church of India.

Friendship is one of the loveliest gifts of God, and he alone knows how much of the life of my Indian <sup>colleague</sup> ~~colleague~~ flowed into me, and just how much <sup>the American</sup> ~~the American~~ was able to share with him. This at least I know, that high affectionate comradeship among the joys of a privileged lifetime, I rank this ~~beautiful friendship~~ <sup>spacious</sup> with beloved Azariah, who moved into a more ~~spacious~~ room of our Father's home on January 2, 1945.

Like the taste of blood to a tiger, the experience of friendship creates a craving for more of it, and ever more. Thus I found deep satisfaction in increasing warmth of association with K. T. Paul, who has been called the John R. Mott of India. I used to visit in his home in Salem, and his homelife was one of the most beautiful I have ever known in any land. His father had been an able government servant of high character, but had died early. ~~Leaving the family in a very poor state~~ K. T., as he became affectionately known to his friends, attended Salem College, and on to Madras Christian College. He studied law and took a position in the government secretariat. From this he went as headmaster in the Arcot Mission High School at Punganur, and in 1903 began to teach in Madras Christian College.

As one of the seventeen delegates to the famous Serampore conference, he was elected treasurer of the National Missionary Society, and four years later left Madras to become <sup>a worthy</sup> ~~successor~~ to Azariah. In 1912 he became associate national secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, and four years later <sup>continued</sup> ~~began~~ a memorable career as national general secretary. After seven years of service with the National Missionary Society and eighteen years with the Y. M. C. A., he resigned from leadership in both organizations in order to devote his full energy to public service, as a Christian spokesman on national affairs and as a representative of

the Christian churches at the London Round Table Conference in 1930. The strain and stress of the crusade for India's freedom carried him to an untimely grave, at the age of fifty-four.

I came to know him well before leaving India in 1911, ~~and~~ continued and an affectionate correspondence with him through the years, <sup>^</sup> had intimate association with him on subsequent visits to India. Through the years <sup>have</sup> I had face to face contacts with many of Asia's great men, but of them all, I consider K. T. Paul as the ~~most~~ wisest.

Bishop Abraham ~~Abraham~~ of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church was present as a young student when I spoke in the Anglican college in Trichinopoly, South India, on a hot night in 1905. I saw before me a score of young men from the Syrian church who seem<sup>ed</sup> to be professing a Christianity they were not practicing. I fear was blunt and tactless when I spoke to those Syrian lads from Travancore, as I said: "Boys, you claim that your church was founded here in India by the Apostle Thomas nineteen centuries ago. Whether ~~not~~ it was or not, in any case your church has been spiritually asleep for a thousand years. The impoverished masses in your country are sunk in idolatry, superstition and ignorance. Many of you are cramming to get your degrees, to rush out into life and make money, while you leave your church and country in bitter need. Will none of you dare to take up the cross of Christ and follow~~ing~~ him for the awakening of the Syrian Church and the evangelization of your own country?"

The meeting ended app<sup>re</sup>ntly in failure, as has been the case so often. But Abraham told me afterward that out under the stars he paced up and down and could not sleep. For days and weeks he fought his battle until finally he yielded his life for the service of his own people. All this I did not know about for a decade. Then I learned that he had gone to Toronto for his theological education. In 1918 he was consecrated bishop, and later was elevated to be Metropolitan. He went as a delegate from his ancient church to the Jerusalem Missionary Conference.

<sup>over</sup> It would be not right for me to leave out an account of my friendship with Pastor Santiago. As a boy he was an untouchable Pariah playing in the streets, that is certain streets. The dogs might enter the Brahman street but not he; the sacred cow was welcome in the Hindu

the Christian churches at the London Round Table Conference in 1930.  
 The strain and stress of the crusade for India's freedom carried him to  
 an untimely grave, at the age of fifty-four.  
 I came to know him well before leaving India in 1931, and continued  
 to must tell you about the life of my dear friend and fellow  
 worker, Francis Kingsbury. p. 129  
 I had been in close contact with many of Asia's great men, but of them  
 all, I consider K. T. Paul as the wisest.  
 Bishop Abraham of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church was  
 present as a young student when I spoke in the Anglican college in  
 Trichinopoly, South India, on a hot night in 1908. I saw before me  
 a score of young men from the Syrian church who seem to be protesting  
 a Christianity they were not practicing. I fear was blind and faithless  
 when I spoke to these Syrian boys from Travancore, as I said: "Boys,  
 you claim that your church was founded here in India by the apostle  
 Thomas nineteen centuries ago. Whether that is so or not, in any case  
 your church has been spiritually asleep for a thousand years. The  
 impoverished masses in your country are sunk in idolatry, superstition  
 and ignorance. Many of you are cringing to get your degrees, to rush  
 out into life and take money, while you leave your church and country in  
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 follow him for the awakening of the Syrian Church and the awak-  
 ening of your own country?"  
 The meeting ended abruptly in failure, as has been the case so often.  
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 down and could not sleep. For days and weeks he fought his battle until  
 finally he yielded his life for the service of his own people. All this  
 I did not know about for a decade. Then I learned that he had gone to  
 Toronto for his theological education. In 1918 he was consecrated  
 bishop, and later was elevated to be Metropolitan. He went as a  
 delegate from his ancient church to the Jerusalem Missionary Conference.  
 It would be not right for me to leave out an account of my friendship  
 with Pastor Sandberg. As a boy he was an untouchable Pariah living  
 in the streets, that is certain streets. The dogs might enter the  
 Syrian street but not he; the women eye was welcome in the Hindu

temple, but there was no room for the polluted outcaste, dwelling apart in filth and ignorance and superstition. Twenty dollars a <sup>were</sup> year ~~was~~ contributed by an elderly American to make it possible for <sup>^</sup> this handicapped boy to <sup>go to</sup> a mission high school, and then he was helped to work his way through college. After teaching in a theological school, he became pastor at Batlagundu, where we had so many joyous years. Then, believe it ~~not~~ or not, this untouchable boy grown to manhood was asked to be mayor of the town, Hindus and Mohammedans joining in a written petition to the government that Santiago be <sup>appointed</sup> ~~made~~ ~~mayor~~. When the United Church of South India was formed, who should be chosen moderator but Santiago. It was a joy to work with this glorious character, sunny, <sup>+</sup>attractive, lovable; an earnest evangelist; a spiritual pastor; and a wise leader of the Indian Church.

At the end of 1903, we returned to the United States for our first and only furlough while resident in India. Among my old papers is a letter written on the homeward voyage. It says better than any words I could find fifty years later what was then in my heart:

Oh, to do it over again and do it better. Yet the regret is lost in the overwhelming sense of God's forgiveness and patience, and in thanksgiving for what He has done in spite of one's own weakness. I thank God a thousand times for the joy of being a missionary and for the privilege of working in India... But better than the work has been the opportunity of fellowship with Him. Even without the work, I would gladly go to India again, or to the ends of the earth, if it brought such communion, such joy, such a reality of Christian experience... I know now that in any environment and in any land Jesus satisfies. He has been more real, more near, a more precious and constant companion than any earthly one, however near and dear... In India or America, in any one and in every land, He abideth faithful.

*Sherwood:*

*Please record recollections of what  
you did in 1904 while <sup>home</sup> on furlough.*

Upon returning from our furlough, we plunged into the ceaseless  
round of supervising, teaching, preaching, counselling, ~~going to~~  
~~colleges~~ and back into the villages. In going through old papers  
of that period, I find a yellowing copy of an article I wrote, "In the  
Tiger Jungle." Insomnia warned me that I was working too hard, and when  
the doctor said I needed a hobby, I turned to ~~hunting~~ hunting, a sport I  
enjoyed in my young manhood in Kansas, and the Indian territory, and  
Colorado. In a barren section some fifty miles from Batlagundu, tigers  
and elephants abounded. So off I went, with excitement in my blood.  
In four days I got an ibex, a bison, a bear, and an elephant. ~~Next~~  
~~evening~~ One night I was not sure whether I was hunting tiger,  
or being hunted by one. Unfortunately, I never got an opportunity to  
shoot, and fortunately he never had a chance to spring. So we both get  
off. <sup>Insert</sup> Through the years I was able to get away for occasional days of  
~~hunting~~ hunting, but, after all, ~~hunting was not the thing for~~  
~~me~~ my chief joy came <sup>from</sup> ~~in~~ fishing for men.  
<sup>over</sup> A trip to Japan in 1907 swerved me into <sup>different</sup> channels and opened a  
<sup>strange it is what happens at a continental divide!</sup> whole new world of opportunities for me. Little did I realize when I  
set out for the Tokyo conference of the World Student Christian Federation  
that I was taking one of a series of steps which would bring to <sup>an</sup> end our  
residence in India, and start me ~~to~~ shuttling back and forth across the  
globe  
~~until~~ until near the end of my days. More than six hundred delegates  
came from twenty-five countries. Speaking to this gathering was a  
challenging experience, but it was not this that turned out to be so  
significant <sup>for</sup> to my future.

Simultaneously with the sessions of the conference, several of its  
speakers conducted evangelistic meetings throughout the city. My assign-  
ment was to address meetings of Chinese students who had come to Tokyo  
in large numbers. At the first meeting I spoke for three hours including  
an after-meeting, where I gave opportunity for those who were prepared to  
confess Christ at any cost to become Christians. Thirty men rose, and  
fifty in the next meeting. For two weeks I spoke incessantly, in what  
proved to be the first of my evangelistic meetings with Chinese students  
which were destined to continue intermittently for the next forty years.

Upon returning from our tour, we returned into the country  
into the  
round of supervising, teaching, preaching, and evangelizing.  
At the end of 1906 I had one of the severest tests of my life.  
At a conference of the representatives of the American Board, none of my Indian  
fellow-workers were able to be present, and with a sore throat I had to speak  
three and four times daily in Tamil. Then with my colleagues Azariah and  
Kingsbury, we spent two months in an evangelistic campaign through the  
chief cities of Burma, which at that time was a province of India. It  
was a moving experience to speak in Rangoon, where the pioneer Judson had  
lived and labored and suffered, in four days I got an idea, a plan, a lesson, a  
on being hunted by one. Unfortunately, I never got an opportunity to  
shoot, and fortunately he never had a chance to reply. So we both got  
off. Through the years I was able to get away for occasional days of  
hunting, but after all, I was not a hunter. I was a missionary.  
Next we spent joyous days in fishing for pearls.  
A trip to Japan in 1907 resulted in two new churches and opened a  
new world of opportunity for me. Little did I realize when I  
set out for the Tokyo conference of the World Student Christian Federation  
that I was taking one of a series of steps which would bring to end our  
residence in India, and start me on a journey back and forth across the  
globe until near the end of my days. More than six hundred delegates  
came from twenty-five countries. Speaking to this gathering was a  
challenging experience, but it was not this that turned out to be so  
stimulant to my future.  
Simultaneously with the sessions of the conference, several of the  
speakers conducted evangelistic meetings throughout the city. My assign-  
ment was to address meetings of Chinese students who had come to Tokyo  
in large numbers. At the first meeting I spoke for three hours including  
an after-meeting, where I gave opportunity for those who were prepared to  
confess Christ as my Lord to become Christians. Thirty-one rose, and  
fifty in the next meeting. For two weeks I spoke incessantly, in what  
proved to be the first of my evangelistic meetings with Chinese students  
which were destined to continue incessantly for the next forty years.

My next meeting was with Korean students, and seven men accepted Christ. And in a letter written home at that I time I predicted that "Korea will probably become the first Christian nation in Asia." In my first meeting with Japanese Buddhist students in Tokyo more than thirty confessed Christ and twenty ~~more~~ more enrolled themselves as enquirers. I spoke also at meetings in Kyoto and Osaka. On the return journey, I stopped off for meetings with Chinese students in Hongkong. <sup>Then</sup> came a decisive invitation from Fletcher Brockman to return for a three months' campaign in a dozen ~~important~~ of the chief cities of China. Little did I realize the import of what I wrote home, "On the whole we had reason to thank God for the trip which was profitable to us in many ways, and gave unlimited opportunities for service... Of all the impressions of the Conference and of the trip to the Far East, the most dominant left upon my mind is this - that all Asia is awakening." And the date of this letter was May, 1907!

Returning to India, I picked up my work at Batlagundu and continued the round of the colleges. In 1908 I went back to China for the campaign there. Brockman delivered the thousand men a night that he had promised in his invitation. To our dismay on the opening night it began to rain heavily, and I remember going down to that first meeting in the rain of the city hall through the empty streets. With heavy heart I climbed the stairs thinking <sup>and</sup> that the meeting had been ruined, <sup>but</sup> great indeed was my surprise when I found a packed hall. In a dozen cities we had an unprecedented response, with many confessions of faith in Christ, and many enrolled for Bible study. But the local committees and churches were not prepared to follow up the meetings. This taught us a lesson, and in future campaigns we made more thorough preparation.

In 1910 Azariah and I went as delegates <sup>from India</sup> to the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference, over which John R. Mott presided. A world organization of missions was formed and a call was extended to Mott, as chairman of the Continuation Committee, to assume the executive leadership in organizing and conducting this growing enterprise. To enable him to assume this new responsibility, it was necessary to relieve him of some of his heavy financial work in North America. On the verge of starting ~~back~~ back to India, I received a wire to meet him in Liverpool. Feeling instinctively that he was going to ask me

to return to America, I went to Liverpool determined flatly to refuse to give up India. But the proposal he made ~~there~~ proved to be irresistible, that I give half my time to evangelistic campaigns in India, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and spend half of each year in the United States interpreting the world service of the Young Men's Christian Association and soliciting large gifts from business men. And this I continued to do until my retirement at the age of sixty.

While in England that summer I completed a mission study text book which was published the following year, India Awakening. I crammed it with facts about the people of India, ~~sexes~~ womanhood, the students, religions, mass movements, and tried to give the reader some sense of the problems we missionaries faced and the work we were trying to do. It was widely used by the Missionary Education Movement, and had a circulation of 50,000 copies. At the end I made an appeal for the habit of giving generously to missions, and then <sup>Come</sup> these words about giving life itself to India, which ~~expressed~~ reveal the way I felt after fourteen years in my beloved ~~my~~ second homeland:

Our most urgent need today is for men and women who will come out to reap in these white harvest-fields. The work is hard. I know of none harder, but it is a work that angels might envy; full of suffering, and brimful of joy. I remember the night when as a student in America my own life turned in the balance and I had to count the cost. It was for me a struggle between an ambition and a mission, between silver and souls, between self and Christ; but the scale turned on the side of Christ, and how I thank God that it did! ... I have been overburdened with the opportunity of the work, crushed by the sense of my own insufficiency, humiliated by my own limitations and inadequacy, but I have thanked God a thousand times that my lot has fallen in the heart of such an opportunity. If you want a hard field, come to India... No words can tell the deep need of India's unsatisfied heart. These people need saving, and need saving now.

What vivid memories surge through the mind as <sup>I</sup> ~~we~~ pick up a gold-printed Farewell Address to us from the Indian representatives of the American Board, recollections of gloriously happy days at Batlagundu, <sup>our</sup> dear ~~where~~ Margaret and Arden were born, where we toiled so diligently at such a joyous task, surrounded by our devoted fellow workers and warm-hearted friends, and where we <sup>discovered</sup> ~~learned~~ that sharing and <sup>receiving</sup> ~~giving~~, and ever more sharing and ever more <sup>receiving</sup> ~~giving~~, bring the peace of God that passes all understanding.

### Chapter 3

#### REVOLUTIONARY DAYS IN THE FAR EAST

It has been my lot to be on hand for many revolutionary events in the Far East ~~East~~ during the past half century. It was in 1907 that I attended the Tokyo conference of the World Student Christian Federation. While there I addressed meetings of Chinese students, and on the return voyage to India held my first meetings in Hongkong. Ever since then I have been closely in touch with momentous happenings in Japan, China, Korea, ~~and~~ the Philippines, and have known personally many makers of history.

Let me begin with my first meetings for Chinese students in Tokyo. They were there to the number of fifteen thousand, drawn by the emergence of Japan as a world power, and driven by revolutionary changes in their own land. Japan's victory over Russia in 1905 was so recent that the <sup>banzas</sup> of triumph had hardly died down. Across all Asia swept a thrill of new hope as an Oriental nation for the first time in modern history <sup>Europeans,</sup> ~~had~~ won a war from <sup>myself</sup> ~~which~~ hitherto regarded as invincible in battle. I was so impressed by the spirit of progress, the enthusiasm of the people, and the magnitude of their accomplishments, that I wrote a little book<sup>t</sup>, Japan and India, which was published in India the following year by the Student Volunteer Movement there. Seventeen pages ~~of~~ <sup>which I thought</sup> ~~of~~ were devoted to lessons ~~that~~ India should learn from Japan.

Put yourself down in China in 1907. An ancient <sup>order</sup> ~~era~~ was rapidly dying, and the new era was in pangs of birth. Just twelve years before ~~China~~ China had been ~~severely~~ humiliated and ~~horribly~~ mangled as the result of defeat in the war with Japan. <sup>Seven years prior to 1907</sup> ~~Before~~ the anti-foreign feeling had boiled over in the Boxer massacres, and foreign armies laid siege to Peking. The great powers became more aggressive in their territorial designs, and the partition of China seemed to be the order of the day. Like the ravages of termites, graft and corruption were eating the heart out of orderly government. <sup>Thus threatened by external enemies and</sup> ~~In desperation~~ the ~~Empress Dowager~~ ~~Empress~~

internal foes,

*in despair*

turned to reforms which she hated. But once more it was too little and too late. Four years after 1907 Sun Yat-sen's revolution was to hurl the Manchus into oblivion.

One reform especially was more far reaching than the Empress Dowager imperial edict had intended or expected. By ~~1906~~ in 1906, just a year before my first visit to China, a new system of education was inaugurated. For centuries ~~the~~ education in China had been a monopoly of the literati, ~~and~~ not until 1902 were the first steps taken to establish a national system of schools. The old curriculum consisted of memorizing the classics, writing essays, and ~~composing verse~~. Advancement in government was through competitive examinations on three levels, provincial, metropolitan, and palace. About the only education along Western lines was in the schools and colleges maintained by Christian missionaries.

*When I first set foot on their soil,*  
the Chinese people were the most conservative on earth, still wearing the antiquated queue, the age-long symbol of submission to their Manchu conquerors and to a petrified civilization which bound them ~~with the cords of custom and tradition~~. Foot-binding of girls still prevailed. Ancestor worship had laid the heavy hand of the past upon China. Change was feared and hated. But I was there as final preparations were being made for the funeral of the old order.

Like the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> deacon's famous one-horse shay, when the old system in China broke down, it broke down all over. At long last it was plain to everybody that something had to be done. After 1906 the old system of classical education disintegrated rapidly, but poor indeed was the preparation for anything to take its place. The demand for teachers ~~and administrators and scientists~~ was insatiable, and produced an exodus of Chinese students to Japan, the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany. And the mission schools ~~and colleges~~ in China soon bulged to the seams.

The work I did in China could not have been done earlier or under less fluid conditions. The old concept of the superiority of all things Chinese was collapsing under the weight of visible evidence.

Only the blindest of the blind could now be unaware of China's desperate need of something new. *In the providence of God,* ~~At exactly~~ the right time my work there began.

Once more put yourself down in China in 1907, and from this perspective view the record of Christian missions in China. Exactly a century had

passed since Robert Morrison, the first <sup>modern</sup> Protestant missionary, had begun his work at Canton. At that time the Chinese were forbidden on pain of death to teach the language to foreigners or to print Christian books. Morrison could tell the Christian message only to a few trusted Chinese behind locked doors, lest they all be arrested. He faced lifelong petty persecution, the almost daily fear of arrest, constant opposition, recurring period of ill-health, and heartbreaking discouragements. Yet his labors were monumental. With indefatigable industry, in collaboration with his colleagues, he translated the Old and ~~and~~ New Testaments, wrote a huge Chinese-English dictionary and grammar, prepared Christian pamphlets, <sup>ed</sup> found in Malacca the first Anglo-Chinese college, after he had been excluded from Canton because of the hostility of the Chinese. After seven years Morrison baptized his first convert, far "away from human observation." In the first twenty-five years, Protestant pioneers baptized only ten Chinese converts, and these in the face of bitter opposition.

Slow indeed was the growth of Protestant missions in China. As late as ~~1876~~ 1876, five years after I was born, the number of communicants was less than 14,000. By 1900 this number had increased to 113,000.

Then came the fury of anti-foreign feeling, bringing to the missionaries persecution, and for some <sup>To me</sup> martyrdom. <sup>^</sup> These are not cold historical facts

merely. One of the dearest friends I ever had was killed by the Boxers.

<sup>my intimate association with Horace Pitkin,</sup>  
 // In an earlier chapter I told of ~~my association with~~ how we roomed together,

studied and prayed together, and together traveled for the Student Volunteer Movement. In 1898 he went to China at his own expense, and was assigned to the American Board Mission in Pao Ting Fu near Peking. Within two years he wrote of the spread throughout his province of secret societies whose members were drilling to develop magic spells to make them bullet-proof, and proclaiming their slogan, "Death to the Foreigners." At the end of June (I have seen God do it - 76 And all this happened just seven years before my first visit to China.

A fluid revolutionary period and a century of Protestant missions in China opened the doors for my work <sup>there.</sup> ~~in China.~~ But another factor also was decisive, the <sup>inauguration</sup> ~~beginning~~ of foreign work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Far East. The first <sup>American</sup> secretaries arrives in Japan

in 1888 and in China in 1895, just twelve years before my first meetings in Tokyo and Hongkong. And then in 1898 Fletcher Brockman, the most winsome & influential of all the Association secretaries in China, arrived with his young bride. <sup>Insert</sup> <sup>^</sup> <sup>American</sup> When he witnessed the stampede of Chinese students to Japan following the ~~edict~~ edict of 1906, he persuaded C. T. Wang, perhaps the best man who could have been found in all China, to go to Tokyo and open ~~Student Christian Association~~ <sup>Y.M.C.A.</sup> work with this throng of homeless students in a strange city.

Thus, in ways unknown to me, <sup>at the time,</sup> the stage was set for the beginning of my forty years' of evangelism among Chinese students. God Work in China p. 82 - God Do It 79-81

In 1908 I came from India for the <sup>first</sup> campaign in China. Before I returned to Hongkong to begin this tour, the Christian DO It - 81

Section from chapter on India

(Sherwood: in PILGRIMAGE, p. 118, and elsewhere, you refer to the China campaign of 1912-13 as the second one. But on April 10, 1911, you writing from Shanghai, described your visit to the Philippines, apparently just after ending your residence in India. From Seoul, July 10, 1911, you wrote, "Our trip in the Far East is ending in this wonderful little country of Korea." In the Yale collection there are no report letters between these two. Eventually I will get the YMCA Historical Library material, when Latourette has finished with it. What did you do between April 10, 1911 and July 10th? You must have had meetings in China. What are your recollections? In February 1912, in a report letter A MONTH AMONG RUSSIAN STUDENTS, you wrote, "When the revolution in China closed the doors etc etc." We need more data on 1911.)

At the end of 1912, Dr. Mott and I held evangelistic meetings throughout India. It was a great joy to be back so soon after our residence there had ended, and to greet old friends everywhere. We began in Colombo, Ceylon, where I had been so often before. No. 43 Madras - Bangalore - Bombay No. 44 - 45 - 46 - diagnosis in 46

In September, 1914, I returned to China for what was probably the high water mark of my evangelism in that vast land. 62

## Chapter 4

### IN CZARIST RUSSIA AND THE NEAR EAST

The <sup>my</sup> first of many visits to Russia was <sup>a</sup> result of the Chinese revolution under Sun Yat-sen at the end of 1911. When this mighty upheaval closed the door temporarily in the Far East, Baron Nicolay suggested a series of meetings in the university centers of Russia, <sup>an early month of 1912</sup> and offered to act as interpreter. So I spent ~~some~~ with students in St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kieff.

Let us get a feel of the situation there at that time. In the future, the outbreak of the First World War was only two and a half years away. In the recent past, the revolution of 1904 was only eight years before; in 1905 had <sup>come</sup> ~~been~~ Russia's disastrous defeat at the hands of Japan; followed by the setting up of Russia's first parliament, the first and the second Dumas being quickly dissolved; the convening of the third Duma at the end of 1907, the year of my wonderful experiences in 1894 with Chinese students in Tokyo; Nicholas II had come to the throne, ~~in~~ while I was traveling for the Student Volunteer Movement in the United States, and his reactionary and repressive reign was rapidly bringing an end to the Romanoffs. The year 1912, what a time to be in Russia!

We should now examine the source of the invitation which came to me to work with Russian students. Back in 1891 Luther Wishard had tried unsuccessfully to establish a Y. M. C. A. in Russia. Seven years later James Stokes ~~en~~ enlisted the interest of the Empress of Russia, but nothing tangible resulted. Then Clarence J. Hicks succeeded in winning the approval of a high Romanoff for a young men's society in St. Petersburg. Called a "mayak" or lighthouse, it was essentially a Y. M. C. A., <sup>with</sup> ~~was based in~~ a \$100,000 building donated by James Stokes. In 1908 an American physical director began his work in a well equipped gymnasium. The interest of the Czar was aroused, and after 1907 he contributed five thousand rubles annually. Baron Paul Nicolai became active in the World Student Christian Federation, ~~and~~

→ Tolstoy had died two years before;

In 1899 John R. Mott paid a flying visit to three cities in Russia, and in 1909 he returned for a remarkable series of meetings in great student centers. In 1913, the Russian Student Christian Movement was admitted to membership in the World Student Christian Federation.

Thus when my plans for the Far East were upset, I eagerly went to Russia for the meetings there in March, 1912.

### WORLD WAR AND NO PEACE

World War I became a watershed in my life. Few men in that period had caught the significance of the clash of imperialist powers and the race of armaments. When the United States entered the war I was forty-seven, or over age so far as the military draft was concerned, and felt that I could render my largest service as a non-combatant. I was first invited to speak to the soldiers of the British Army in England. We held meetings every night in one of the sixty YMCA huts on Salisbury Plain. Five hundred or more attended, after a hard day's drilling and marching. Captain "Peg" would start the singing; in a few minutes the tired faces were relaxed, they were shouting the rollicking choruses or thinking of home. I tell them about the great Zeppelin I had just seen shot down over London. I poured out all that I had in sharing with these men night after night for months, going from camp to camp all over England, Wales and Scotland.

Having returned to the States, a month after America's entrance into the war, I sailed again for the war zone. This time I took a party of ten evangelists to speak to the soldiers in the British army and sixty students from Northwestern and Princeton for work in the British Y huts. The group of speakers included Merton Rice, Burris Jenkins, Henry Crane and Walter Sherman.

There was friction and misunderstanding between the veteran Allied troops and our own newly-arrived soldiers. I was sent with a deputation of four Americans along the whole Allied front in Belgium and France from

Ypres to Verdun with a British staff officer. Lloyd George as Prime Minister had arranged for our expedition so that we might tell American divisions of the spirit, the traditions and the magnitude of the effort of the war-weary Allied armies, so that a greater measure of appreciation and cooperation might result among our men. We began at the Headquarters of the British general staff where we were shown the map of the war zone, which had been prepared for His Majesty King George the week before. Like a trip through Dante's Inferno we went down the long line from the trenches in Belgium to the Somme, to Rheims, which we watched under fire, and finally to the great fortress at Verdun, where we dined underground with the French command before the proud motto "They shall not pass."

I was so moved by the tragedy of the war that I wrote in Britain a little book, Suffering and the War, which was also printed in paper covers for widespread circulation among the soldiers. In 1917 I wrote a book, With Our Soldiers in France, interpreting my experiences at the front, endeavoring to enlist support for the war work of the YMCA, and trying to strengthen public morale. I also met Admiral Simms who gave me a permit to visit the Grand Fleet of Britain and the United States in the Firth of Forth and to hunt with American destroyers for German submarines.

### MY PRESENT ATTITUDE TO WAR

As a reaction to the monstrous evils of World War I which I experienced at the front in France I accepted the ideal of peace, and became for a time an absolute idealist and pacifist in the light of what I understood to be Jesus way of life. I believed for a time with Einstein that if only two per cent of us--enough to fill all our prisons and jails--would go on strike against war, refusing to fight under any circumstances it would mean the abolition of war. But it never worked that way.

When Mussolini seized Abyssinia, when Hitler invaded the Rhineland, a dozen countries thereafter and began to conquer the world, when Japan seized Manchuria, invaded China and Southeastern Asia, we found nothing that could stop them except the use of force. Gandhi used successfully the only weapon he had of love in non-violent resistance and set India free, for Britain had a conscience. But I saw Tolstoyan non-resisters in Russia and pacifists in Germany that used the same means that Gandhi did that were completely ineffectual against Hitler or Stalin, for such pacifists were promptly put to death. I believe that Gandhi would never have been heard from in Russia or Germany. Where the forces of any of the three dictators invaded a helpless country and any one turned the other cheek, soldiers were not turned back.

I agree with Niebuhr that the absolute ethic of Jesus must be maintained as a frame of reference by which every individual and society must be judged, but I count that ethic is an "impossible possibility" and a false perfectionism when set up as a rigid law of absolute pacifism, or a literal guide to action in all circumstances. Such a law or infallible guide we do not possess.

I do not expect that World War III or any other war will ever solve our problem. We face a real menace in a desperately real world, where war must be God's patient problem--and ours.<sup>1</sup> How will God solve the problem? Perhaps just as he worked with us to solve the issue of slavery or any other social or moral problem. All through history there are two types of minds: absolute idealists on the one hand, and relativists, pragmatists and realists on the other. These constitute a minority and a majority. Slavery was first challenged in England and America by the minority of absolute idealists and abolitionists like Wilberforce and the harsh extremist, William Lloyd Garrison. But it was never abolished until the relativists, the realists and practical men like William Pitt and Abraham Lincoln entered the fray.

It may be the same with war and every other moral problem or reform. A few idealists, absolute pacifists and conscientious objectors who hear the--to them--imperative commands "Thou shalt not kill" and "Ye therefore shall be perfect", will take an absolutist position, disturb men's consciences and challenge the whole war system. I believe, however, that never until the relativists, pragmatists and realists act effectively will wars be abolished. I now feel, with Reinhold Niebuhr, Einstein and more than five thousand other former pacifists in America and Britain, that at the last extremity some of us are faced by a choice between two gigantic evils--neither of which permits us personal perfection. We must either accept

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1. In Professor Quincy Wright's A Study of War he shows that in the last 461 years from 1480 to 1941 the various nations took part in wars as follows: Great Britain in 78 wars, France 71, Spain 64, Russia 61, Austria 52, Germany 23, China 11, Japan 9, while the United States fought 13 wars in 150 years, and in addition, 110 wars were fought against the Indians within the United States alone. If these are "the peace loving peoples" who are the war mongers?

and enter a total war--against the forces of a Hitler or a Stalin--or we must accept total slavery under such men. As between the two, motivated only by love--for God, my fellowmen and my enemies--I for one would choose total war rather than total slavery, and I could fight with a clear conscience if Russia dragged us into such a conflict.

If we are to save our world from atomic destruction we must do away with war. We must build up both world community and world organization. Working through the United Nations, without impatiently bypassing it, or trying as egotistic isolationists to "go it alone", we must in time achieve a world federally organized for peace. The atomic bomb, however, makes the challenge of the war issue immediate and imperative. I believe we need vocational pacifists as absolute idealists, as well as realists and relativists working, however unconsciously, in dialectic tension if society is to advance and finally do away with the war system. Just as Jefferson and Hamilton working in dialectic tension had to build our complete economy both in agriculture and industry, so I believe idealists and realists, pacifists and non-pacifists, must build a world of peace.

I almost envy the absolutist the seeming simplicity of the issue he faces somewhat as follows: God has finally revealed himself in Jesus and his way of life. The thing most contrary to this way of life, "the world's chief collective sin", is war. Therefore war is wrong, and all war always was wrong. All slavery is contrary to Jesus way of life, therefore all slavery is and always was wrong. If I am an absolutist my duty is plain. I must follow Jesus way of peace for myself at all costs, and God, not I, is responsible for all results.

The relativist--everywhere under the limitations of historical relativism--may well envy this over-simplification. He finds no absolute revelation of

*The presentist finds no absolute revelation of*  
truth recorded in an infallible record and no clear code of morals in simple infallible rules. Save a few quotations made by "Matthew" from the original Gospel of Mark, he finds no saying of Jesus recorded in the same words in any two Gospels. Jesus way of life was unmistakably the way of love, but how was this to be applied? Did Jesus apply it, for instance, to the system of slavery? Did he ever try to free the slaves or condemn slavery? Or did Paul regulate the system for masters and slaves for nineteen centuries to come? Under the principle of gradual revelation and growing human understanding the world's conscience was at last awakened after nineteen long centuries. Now that men could see it, Jesus whole way of life revealed the principles of brotherhood under which slaves should be freed, educated, and given their full and equal rights as equal brothers. It took many, many centuries to end slavery, however, and we are still far from realizing racial brotherhood.

Similarly, did Jesus ever make a clear pronouncement upon the war system? Did he tell the Centurian to abandon the army? Why was his chief follower carrying a sword on the last night if Jesus had ever condemned the whole war system? And what did Jesus mean by telling his followers each to sell his cloak and buy a sword? Though it may have been for self defence, certainly it was not for his defence. There is no single clear solution on which all can agree concerning these problems which have divided Christians for nineteen centuries and will probably divide them for centuries to come. This issue is never as simple as it seems to the absolutist. In the last war in Great Britain roughly one in 300 registered as a conscientious objector, and 299 of every 300 as conscientious defenders of their country and their now threatened way of life. The proportion of conscientious objectors was smaller than this in America.

I find temporal relativity in all ethical codes and the ever-changing content of these codes is always relative. The New Testament was written within the framework of a flat earth, miraculously made in six days. It speaks in terms of demon possession and of the daily anticipation of the cataclysmic end of the age, so that there was no time to marry. Below the level of Amos at this point, it hardly even suggests the problem of responsibility for slavery, injustice and the monstrous social evils of the time to which we were to be awakened nineteen centuries later. The New Testament is therefore not a clear, final, infallible code of morals, or specific guide to action in all circumstances--except to the absolutist and fundamentalist.

The modern Christian can find no sufficient guide to action in some isolated text in this imperfect record, such as "Turn the other cheek", "resist not evil", "Ye, therefore, shall be perfect."

If my conduct is to be regulated either by custom, authority, instinct, reason or experience, I must select human experience, both individual and social, as interpreted by reason to regulate my life. At the summit of human experience I must examine the message of the prophets as consummated for me in Jesus: "Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel (good news) of God, saying the kingdom of God is at hand, repent and believe in the good news." The good news is about God, that God is love. My joy is to walk in the light--to love God with my whole heart, and my neighbor (including my enemy) as myself--to seek the end of the Kingdom, or rule of God, in justice, in the sense of equal opportunity for all, and the equal brotherhood of all. This must eventuate for me, in the beatitude of peace, a peace based on justice and a world that is right, or at least learning to live--and let live--cooperatively. Such peace may take as long as it took to abolish slavery and to fully realize brotherhood in the future.

In the infinitely complex and constantly varying situations and choices presented to relativists and realists, they must follow the word of Jesus to "judge for yourselves what is right" (Luke 12:57). Most of us cannot seek some simplified proof text from an infallible scripture, as absolutists or fundamentalists seem able to do. Whatever relativity may condition individual texts, the whole sweep of Jesus' life and teaching is to me unmistakable--that God is love, that love <sup>must motivate</sup> ~~is~~ the means <sup>to be used</sup> and offers the only ultimate solution of all our problems and that the end is the Kingdom, or rule of God, in righteousness and resulting peace. But relativists and absolutists will judge for themselves and interpret the application of love in different ways. They are still poles apart and will continue to be so.

For myself I came finally to the conclusion that my one duty is to love--God, my neighbor, my enemies--and to do the will of God as I see it in the light that I have. If the Kremlin launched World War III I would now, if I were young enough, volunteer for the air force, not because I hate but because I love. If my bombs fell on either the enemy or some innocent civilians it would only hasten them through the portal that we miscall death, into a better environment--for it could not be worse--and into the presence of the God of all grace, not to some fundamentalist torture of eternal hell.

I could have stood beside Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae for the defence of all future freedom for Greece and the world. I could have followed Charles Martel in turning back the Moslem hordes from the conquest of Europe. I could have joined Garibaldi and his brave thousand against the tyranny of the old order, and joined Washington at Valley Forge in the fight for freedom.

Kirby Page as an absolute pacifist believes that he is right and I

am wrong in the matter of war. While I as a <sup>pragmatist</sup> relativist and realist, never again an absolutist, believe ~~we are~~ <sup>positions are</sup> both right and both necessary in building up a world organized for peace, where we hope war will be done away, as once we did away with slavery.

In the meantime I hope I can have sympathy and understanding with my absolutist, or fundamentalist brother who differs from me as to the means to be used.<sup>1</sup> None of us must as, "Lord what shall this man do?" Each must follow the command, "Follow thou me." I am disturbed not at all by the enviably consistent and inflexible orthodoxy of the absolutist or the fundamentalist, or the seemingly inconsistent changes of the relativists and realists, such as Einstein or Niebuhr. With Emerson I believe that a "foolish consistency is the bugbear of little minds."

I believe that God who is love, is patiently working out his long distance problems that stretch over the centuries--war and slavery, justice and brotherhood--in the inevitable dialectic tension between his followers' partial views. I can believe that God was working both in Plato and Aristotle--though neither had the whole truth--both in Amos and Moses, both in the historic Synoptics and the later contradictory Fourth Gospel, in Paul and Peter, whatever their quarrels. I believe God was working both in the Catholic Augustine and the Protestant Martin Luther, and that he is working today both in the conservative and the liberal, in the absolutist and the relativist, the fundamentalist and the modernist, the pacifist and the non-pacifist, each standing humbly before his own Lord, knowing that the only way out is the way of love, as each sees his duty. This is my present attitude to war.

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1. I recognize that many pacifists are not fundamentalists, and that most fundamentalists are not pacifists, but on this one issue of war it seems to me that all absolute pacifists are fundamentalists.

## Chapter 5

### CHALLENGING BUSINESS MEN AND STUDENTS IN AMERICA

My resident work in India was brought to an end so that I might do two things, conduct evangelistic campaigns in the Orient, and spend the other half of the year in obtaining funds to undergird the worldwide service of the Young Men's Christian Association. This movement was maintaining a staff of two hundred men in various strategic centers of the earth, and was erecting buildings in many ~~various~~ cities in various lands. In addition to the substantial support which was provided locally for the many activities of the Association, ~~large~~ a large annual budget must be provided from the United States, and large gifts must be obtained for new buildings. My assignment was to concentrate on big givers for annual contributions upward of a thousand dollars, and to solicit substantial gifts for new buildings. 147, 153, 156, 159

During the half year that I was in the United States, in addition to spending time in obtaining financial support for the overseas services of the Association, I conducted evangelistic campaigns in colleges and universities. On some days I combined a morning chapel, a luncheon for business men, and an evening meeting. This was possible because I had a rugged constitution and could stand many meetings. Indeed, speaking only twice a day gave me the uneasy feeling that I was loafing!

One of the most significant of these university campaigns was held at the University of California in Berkeley in 1914. Ben M. Cherrington was the secretary of the Christian Association at the time, and Gale Seaman regional was the ~~state~~ secretary and helped with the campaign. Before me is a report of forty years ago prepared by the chairman of the campaign. These sentences will reveal the thoroughness of the preparation made:

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213 Another great campaign was at Yale in 1915. In preparation for these meetings, a score of old Yale ~~men~~ men were brought to the campus for preliminary groups meetings and during the campaign, including Sidney Lovett, Henry Sloane Coffin, C. S. Campbell.

## Chapter 6

### Experiences During the First World War

Although the war was to be a watershed in my life, it came upon me as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. In my surprise I was not alone, of course. Few men <sup>in</sup> that <sup>period</sup> ~~generation~~ had caught the significance of the clash of imperialist powers and the race of armaments. I accounted for the coming of the war, as did most Americans and Englishmen, as a plot of the Kaiser and Prussian militarists, a stab in the back of poor little Belgium, and a mortal threat to France and the British Empire. My sympathies were completely with the Allies from the outset, and in my addresses in the United States I sought to strengthen <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ cause. ~~And~~ In 1916 I engaged in evangelistic work with the armed forces in the British Isles, and in 1917 I went to France for evangelistic work with American, British, Canadian and Austrial troops there. <sup>over</sup> And <sup>1917</sup> in ~~the latter year~~ I wrote a book, With Our Solders in France, interpreting my experiences, endeavoring to enlist support for the war work of the Y. M. C. A., and trying to strengthen public morale. Then I published, The Right to Fight, in which I set forth my convictions about the righteousness of the Allied cause, and stated the reasons why I thought that America was forced to fight.

Let me share with you short excerpts from a letter I wrote home from England in 1916:

As I look into the faces of these men, I realize the outbreak of human passion that has always accompanied war-time; immorality, drinking, gambling and profanity. But my experience here drives me to a belief not in the total depravity, but to a belief in the total goodness of these men in their deepest aspirations and desires, if you go down to the rockbottom of human character. Even when enslaved by passion, these dear fellows are trying to follow some poor seeming good. And how wonderfully they respond when we bring to them the Christian message.

During that week we held meetings every night in <sup>one</sup> ~~some~~ of the sixty Y. M. C. A. huts on Salisbury Plain. Five hundred or more ~~men~~ came, after a hard day's drilling and marching. Now the time has come to begin the meeting. Captain "Peg" starts the singing. In a few minutes the tired faces are relaxed, they are shouting the rollicking choruses of Thinking of home. ~~Now the time has come to speak.~~ I tell them about the great Zeppelin that I saw

Experiences During the First World War

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alone, of course. Few men of that generation had caught the significance

In 1916 I was so moved by the tragedy of the war that I wrote a little book,

Suffering and the War, which was also printed in inexpensive paper cover for

widespread circulation among soldiers and their families.

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desires. It is you down to the reputation of human character. Even  
when enslaved by passion, there are fellows who strive to follow  
some poor selfish goal. And how wonderfully they respond when we  
bring to them the Christian message.

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Now the time has come to begin the meeting. Captain "Pop" stands

the singing. In a few minutes the tired faces are relaxed, they are

showing the relaxing choruses of thinking of home. ~~Now the time~~

~~has come to pass~~. I tell them about the great Regatta that I saw

brought down over London the other night. And, in the language of my letter:

All the searchlights were playing upon the enemy in the sky, but there were no searchlights on the dark streets for the deadlier moral enemy that awaits the soldier below. We begin our talk on the moral fight for character, the temptations of impurity, drink, gambling, profanity, that come with the war. Soon the men are forgetting to smoke, and there is a look of intensity and hunger on almost every face. For half an hour, for three-quarters, they listen, and then the invitation is given. Many sign the cards pledging their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, and when asked how many had reached this decision for the first time tonight over 100 rose to their feet. It was a night of great joy. Hundreds of men file past and shake hands, many expressing their gratitude, and a score of men are waiting for personal interviews... Oh, these boys, with all the possibilities of glorious life, are they to be mowed down, or come back crippled and maimed after the war?... Oh, will you not pray for these dear boys at the front? Pray for a mighty outpouring of God's spirit and for a great spiritual revival throughout this army.

It is not surprising therefore that I poured out all that I had in sharing with these men night after night for months, going from camp to camp all over England, Wales and Scotland.

A month after America's entrance into the war, I sailed again for the war zone. This time with a party of ten evangelists and sixty ~~men~~ students from Northwestern and Princeton for work in the Y huts. The group of speakers included Merton Rice ~~of Princeton~~, Burriss Jenkins, Henry Crane, Walter Sherman. All ~~the~~ <sup>men</sup> worked with great effectiveness in the different army camps.

In the midst of my work at the base camps in France, there came a sudden call to go "up the line" to the great battle front. We crossed the battled Somme with its memories of blood, on across Northern France and over the Belgian border into the historic fields of Flanders. Soon we entered villages which were within range of the enemy's guns, with their shattered window glass, torn roofs, ruined houses, tottering churches and great shell holes in the streets. We entered the danger zone and put on our shrapnel-proof helmets, and box respirators ready for a possible attack of poison gas. We made our way up to the crest of the Messines ridge. The great guns were in action all about us. For a moment we felt only the grand and awful throb of vast titanic forces in terrible conflict. Above us the very air <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ full of battle. We ducked into the little Y. M. C. A. dugout, just under the crest of the ridge. I thrilled at the sound of mighty and unearthly forces loosed,

until suddenly I realized that all about men <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ dying. Between us and the enemy was just one deep trench, and a thin red line of flesh and blood as a human rampart, formed of men who held their lives in their hands ready to make the great sacrifice for the cause. This is the way I wrote home about it all:

And on and on, toward the hungry trenches, march the men, twenty millions and more under allied arms, toiling and singing toward the terrible front. Here are millions keeping step to a great principle, and moving as one man, motivated by the passion of one common purpose. For what? Twenty millions, yes and millions more, ready to live or die that the world may still be free, that righteousness shall rule and not brute force, democracy rather than scheming dynasties, lasting peace broad-based on the law of a free people's will, and never again the brutal effrontery of savage war, bred in the brain of petty Kings or cynical militarists. Yes, here are millions fighting to make a world worth their having died for, who have already made the great sacrifices for us.

And so passionate was my own conviction that I continued:

Ah! great is the price, awful in its solid weight of agony, but not too great for such a cause. It is no longer a war between two peoples but between two principles; it is as much to free the German people as ourselves. It is not for this narrow strip of hard-won soil, but for every foot of a world that henceforth must be free. We would rather fight for every inch of it, and furrow every foot of it with war, than lie at ease under the false shadow ~~of~~ sin - of militarism, materialism, and grasping greed. These men are fighting, and know that they are fighting, for a new world... Pray for us as each night we are facing these men who stand unafraid under the very shadow of death here on the battlefields of France.

Therefore I could not do less than consume myself in the Allied cause. <sup>Insert</sup> Near the end of With Our Soldiers in France I wrote:

If at the call of nationalism the manhood of the nation has poured forth in boundless heroism and self-sacrifice, at the call of Christ cannot His Church rise again to its high vocation? If half of the zeal and passion, half of the outpouring of life and treasure, or organization and efficiency, that the State has put into this war could be thrown into the cause of the Kingdom and of the eternal verities, the world would soon be won... The message with which our Lord challenges the whole Church today is that with which He began His ministry when He faced His apostate nation, "Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand."

And these lines form an appropriate transition into a new world of my ~~new~~ experience.

Pilgrimage  
15

at the front and  
back at home

## Chapter 7

~~EXPLORING THE DEPTH AND BREADTH OF RELIGION~~

THE APPLICATION OF  
SEEKING ~~TO~~ THE GOSPEL TO THE WHOLE OF LIFE

Beginning in wartime and continuing down to the Des Moines Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in 1920, I became ever more aware of the incompleteness and inadequacy of the message I was proclaiming. Rapidly the conviction formed in my mind that the Christian gospel is more than good news for individuals in their personal relations, it is also a message ~~of the Kingdom of God, the family of God, and the way of life for men~~ about the Kingdom of God, the family of God, and the way of life for men in their group and corporate affairs, *in economics, politically, international*

During my long stay in India, I had <sup>of course,</sup> been concerned about the transformation of the ~~Indian~~ social order in that land. I worked against the segregation and exploitation of the caste system. I was aware <sup>of human life</sup> of the toll taken by the money-lenders, and protested against the grinding down of the poor. Before leaving India, I gloried in the honesty, integrity and efficiency of the Indian Civil Service set up and maintained by the British Government, as contrasted with the squeeze and graft and corruption of the government in China. One can easily overdo the indictment of the personal gospel, for it was never purely and solely personal. Always it was expected that the individual Christian would behave differently in the family and in the community. Christianity was supposed to make an incalculable <sup>change</sup> difference in the actions of a neighbor and of a citizen. So even in those days I was presenting a social gospel *of a sort.*

In my own feelings there was never a "race problem" and it was never in a joking mood that I said, "Some of my best friends are Indians." Environment, teaching and experience had delivered me from race prejudice. Indeed, I was amazed at the attitude of the elderly missionary who told me, "Never shake hands with an Indian." From the outset I sought and received equality of friendship with Indians.

*affairs. relations.*

*life.*

*facetious*

But I had only dim realization of the significance of imperialism, the forcible control of a people by an alien power. And I had only feeble awareness of the sinning of the British people against the entire Indian population by its century of enforced subjugation. It was three years before my arrival in India that Mr. Gandhi began his work in South Africa for the removal of gross injustices against the Indian indentured servants there, but I have no recollection of having heard his name mentioned before leaving India in 1911. I had specialized in retail sins and knew little about the wholesale brand, about what Professor Ross used to call "sinning by syndicate." The class struggle was only a phrase to me, and "the labor problem" was an unexplored realm. I believed in the stewardship of money, but had little comprehension of the social power conveyed by the growing concentration of wealth. "Socialism" was only a distasteful word to me, and I had never thought seriously of how the people could use government as a powerful instrument for their economic and social betterment.

PILGRIMAGE 15 - 21

The year following the war I made a world tour, speaking constantly in many lands. By this time a new mood had come over me, and I saw things that had escaped me before. At the end of this global trip, I felt impelled to put into print some of my burning convictions about the <sup>need</sup> urgent for social change, radical, deep-rooted transformations of the social order in our own land and in the other countries I had visited. It was published in 1920, and was entitled Everybody's World. My mind was whirling with ideas which had never occurred to me in earlier days, and I found myself making proposals which a while ~~ago~~ <sup>before</sup> would have been repugnant to me. ↗

↖ I happened to be in England at the time of a great railway strike which for a moment brought paralysis to the nation. And here is what I wrote about it:

EVERYBODY'S WORLD 250 - 261

These ~~long~~ long quotations ~~are~~ are justified because it has been in this mood and with this purpose that I have lived ever since. The very passion of my being has been the application of the gospel to the whole of life. Up and down this nation I spoke incessantly, and this new note was at the

*This long  
summary*

heart of my message in other lands. I now had a gospel with two sides, just one gospel at the same time personal and social. Always when I have been gripped with a tremendous conviction, I have spoken out, and always I have written it down. The purpose ~~was~~<sup>every</sup> of book and every pamphlet and every articles has been the same as the one that impelled me to address audiences with such fervor. I wanted to prompt men to thought, to decision, to commitment, to action. To my marrow I am an evangelist and always have been. Now I became a social evangelist as well.

I published in 1922 the first of many pamphlets dealing with social problems, America: Its Problems and Perils. ~~I concluded with these words:~~

~~p. 25~~

In 1922 I was invited to deliver the Fondren Lectures at Southern Methodist University. In looking over the published volume of these Facing the Crisis, lectures, I notice that Part II was devoted to Social and Industrial questions, with these sub-headings: Outstanding national problems, the race question, the ethics of war, industrial unrest, wealth and poverty, collective bargaining, the open and closed shop, the social gospel, the Christian solution, motive<sup>s</sup> and objectives, the faith of a modern Christian.

At the end of the ~~same year~~<sup>next</sup> year, after another world tour of evangelism, I published The New World of Labor. In this book was a long and favorable chapter on The British Labor Movement, to which I was now thoroughly committed. After an interpretation of the American Labor Movement, <sup>and</sup> concluded with The Challenge of a New World of Labor, from which these words are taken.

In addition to speaking and writing, I gave my support to organizations which were working for social changes that seemed right and desirable to me. I helped to found the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, and was a member of the early group out of which came the Fellowship of Socialist Christians. I voted for Norman Thomas, and had the privilege of paying Reinhold Niebuhr's salary during the first years he was at Union.

This exploration of the social aspects of the gospel brought about  
In 1923  
a change in my attitude toward war and peace. I became a convinced  
for more than a decade,  
Christian pacifist, joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and from  
the platform and in writing, advocated ~~with fervor~~ this way of life.  
fascism and  
Then the rise of Hitlerism and the ruthless aggression of Japan in  
Manchuria and China caused me to conclude that pacifism could not  
stop the spread of totalitarianism with its awful tyranny and ominous  
threat to ~~the international peace~~ enslave mankind. So I was reluctantly  
driven to the belief that the use of military weapons is required for  
the preservation of human liberty on this earth, and this position I  
now maintain.

What I have written in this chapter about seeking the application  
of the Christian gospel to the whole of life is only the beginning of  
the record. *I was destined to work at this until the end of my days,*  
In subsequent sections I will try to unfold before you  
the further development of my thought and actions.

WHAT I BELIEVE

~~Sherwood Eddy~~

In this statement of what I believe I claim no originality, for everywhere, like Sir Isaac Newton, I stand "on giant shoulders." I shall use few quotations for it will be quite evident what I owe to my beloved friend Reinhold Niebuhr, to Paul Tillich, William Temple, and more recently to younger men like Nels Ferré.

I have no formal creed, or closed system, nor is there a single historic creed that I accept in its entirety, or that I feel bound to accept. I am sure that the quest for certainty is forever vain and I shall never seek it, for I do not need it. "Now I know in part"--in an infinitesimally small part--but my greatest need is not to know but to be and to do. I have no desire to be orthodox, nor "neo-orthodox" nor have I any fear of being either. There is nothing I have to believe or desire to believe save the truth.

God is doubtless absolute but my life is everywhere relative and dependent and I have and need no absolute access to him. In the whole universe all is open. I find nothing is closed, final, or perfect, neither the Bible, the Church, the human reason, nor anything in the whole evolving universe. Everywhere I am under the aegis of relativity, but I am <sup>related to</sup> ~~relative to~~ God and utterly and joyfully

dependent upon him with whom I have to do, who is the Source of all things.

My essential credo is the shortest known, "I believe God." <sup>1</sup> Yet it contains everything.

~~Yet~~ <sup>I am</sup> With the Apostle Paul, ~~we have~~ <sup>^</sup> bold to say: "We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him.... If God is for us who is against us?.... We are more than conquerors through him who loved us. So I am sure (that nothing) will be able to separate us from the love of God." (~~Romans 8:28-39~~)

<sup>The New Testament</sup> ~~Thus Paul~~ <sup>Paul's</sup> expands and explains ~~his~~ <sup>^</sup> essential creed to "God is love" <sup>(2)</sup> (~~1 John 4:8~~). And this I passionately believe. This is the keystone of my arch of faith. This dynamic element of God's perfect love leads him forever to create in continual creation. And it may enable us ultimately to understand the whole of experience in the perspective of this supreme faith that God is love. Here is the alpha and the omega of our faith. If God is love and God is sovereign everything is guaranteed. I am as sure of God as I am of the physical universe or of my own existence, and I have no

1. I am glad that it was in the darkness of shipwreck that Paul uttered this glorious word of faith for us all.

<sup>Acts</sup> 27:25. "Be of good cheer; for I believe God." Revised Version: "So take heart men, for I have faith in God." Revised Standard Version. Back in Jerusalem they had sought to assassinate him; before him in Rome they were shortly to behead him. Everything had gone wrong.

2. ~~Though I am well aware that in the mind of many, Nature, "red in tooth and claw" seems to shriek against this creed, I have tried to deal adequately with this problem of evil in another chapter.~~

2. I deal at length elsewhere with the problem of evil.

shred of doubt that God is love. <sup>7</sup> ~~Therefore~~ "I believe in God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." I believe he is not only all powerful and all wise but all loving and therefore in some sense personal. He is the only absolute, complete and unlimited Personality, Being itself—~~the~~ the source of our little fractional personalities, *which are* made in his image. God is not a person, but he is not less than personal, for he is the ground of everything personal. He can <sup>*initiate and respond to*</sup> ~~respond to~~ personal relationships and be in communion with all personal beings. I believe in God utterly transcendent, though not "wholly other," and completely immanent, in whom we live and move and have our being.

and more ①

As I grow older I become more <sup>1</sup>theocentric-~~and more~~  
~~theocentric~~. I remind myself, however, of the words of  
 wise John Calvin: "How can the infinite essence of God be  
 defined by the narrow capacity of the human mind ... How  
 can the human mind by its own efforts, penetrate into an  
 examination of the essence of God, when it is totally ignor-  
 ant of its own? Wherefore let us freely leave to God the  
 knowledge of Himself. For he alone is competent to witness  
 for himself, being only known by himself."<sup>2</sup>

With the whole Church catholic throughout the cen-  
 turies, however, I have found God and known him in experience  
 in his three-fold self-manifestation as Father, Son and  
 Spirit; God creating, redeeming, and indwelling; God as  
 transcendent, Incarnate Redeemer, and immanent quickening  
 Spirit, or God present in the heart--one God, known to us,  
 not absolutely but relatively, in our rich threefold exper-  
 ience.

When I say that I believe God is the maker of heaven  
 and earth, I do not mean that he makes them as a carpenter  
 makes a table, as things external to him. ~~Rather I believe,~~  
~~with Thomas Aquinas, that the universe is the emanation or~~  
~~outflowing of the Divine being.~~ The first word of Genesis is a

1. 1 Cor. 15:28. "When all things are subjected to him; then  
 the Son himself will also be subjected to him who put all  
 things under him, that God may be everything to everyone."  
 Revised Standard Version.
2. Calvin's Institutes, Book I, Chap. 13.

noble word: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Yet I believe it is only a dim adumbration of the august spectacle of God who is Being-itself, motivated by love, evolving the whole universe with its hundred million <sup>galaxies,</sup> ~~star clusters,~~ nebulae, and island universes, by eternal and continual crea-  
<sup>1</sup>tion. Under the modern dynamic theory of matter <sup>2</sup> we abandon the old idea of force as a relic of animism, and leave forever the curse of a former crude materialism, to find matter and energy interconvertible. We find matter simply organized energy and energy matter broken down and released for work. We find no shred of materialism in a whole electronic universe of ~~mind, and electricity simply the flow of invisible~~  
~~electrons.~~ <sup>an</sup> Yet we find ~~the~~ incalculable power ~~of omnipotence~~ hidden in every atom, so that man <sup>in his pride</sup> imagines he can blow up his little world and destroy it, or as a fellow worker with God <sup>in a humble way</sup> in his creative activity, he can share in developing an evolving universe.

It is a spectacle of infinite grandeur to see evolving

1. I have no Jewish horror of anthropomorphism. I do not accept Pope's crude couplet:  
 All are but parts of one stupendous Whole  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.  
 But if the body is our way of being related to the world, if it exists for the sake of communication and manipulation, and if it is the meeting place for selves, nature and God, then I see no objection in viewing the whole electronic structure of the universe, visible and invisible, which interpenetrates nature, ~~as~~ in a sense the body of God.
2. According to Becquerel, Roentgen, J. J. Thompson, Schroedinger, Einstein, Niels Bohr and other modern scientists.

*Becquerel*

over millions of years the whole electronic structure of the universe in its hundred million <sup>galaxies</sup> ~~nebulae~~ from the raw stuff of hydrogen to the more than 96 elements in visible Nature as the ground of future life. Then we see--again over millions of years--the ~~emanation of~~ emergence of life as it evolves and rises through ever higher stages in the amoeba, the fish, the reptile, the amphibian, the bird and the higher mammals, finally to man, the crown of creation. We see the foetus of every individual as it traverses and recapitulates before birth all these stages. We see gradually developed in all animal life from an original sensitivity, something like the sense of touch, the higher senses of taste, of smell, of hearing and finally of sight--all developed <sup>not without</sup> ~~by~~ pain, man's chief educator. ¶ I believe God ~~emanates or evolves the universe out of himself as the ground of all the electronic structure of the universe and of all being.~~ <sup>and that,</sup> Therefore the universe reveals God--in part and imperfectly, not exhaustively. God is Being-itself. He is not a being, <sup>not</sup> an object of thought whose existence can ever be <sup>as disproved</sup> ~~proved~~ by any rational argument. For God is always <sup>beyond</sup> both subject and object. He is the ground of my subjective self, of all existence, of all being, of the entire universe. He is never an object discoverable ~~by~~ man's telescope or microscope. He is Being-itself, Being so infinite that before him the whole visible created universe is but a dim shadow.

Apart from the universe I believe there is an abyss of meaning and infinite potentiality in God that is not revealed in the visible universe.<sup>1</sup> This God is our ultimate concern whom we worship and serve, and this God is our God who is love. I cannot be commanded to love what is not both loving and lovable. But I am paralysed by no "impossible possibility." Daily I can and do declare my love in worship: "I love thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, my whole mind, my whole might in service, my whole soul or self; help me to love my neighbor as myself." And just as in human love we grow by expression--for what is not expressed dies--I find empirically that love for the Beloved grows each time I declare it.

1. See Paul Tillich Systematic Theology, Vol. I, University of Chicago Press, 1950, pp. 79, 156.

*Beyond the few certainties of which I have already spoken*

Since I have no closed credo of final faith, I grop-  
 ingly reach out, speculatively, toward a more comprehensive  
 belief. With Bowne and Brightman I believe firmly in per-  
 sonalism, in the reality of my own personality. But I wish  
 to reach out toward a possible synthesis of two apparently  
 contradictory opposites. May it not be that personalism  
 and pantheism are but two sides of one shield of reality?  
 I refuse to make a caricature of pantheism as a heresy label.  
 I agree with Paul Tillich that "Pantheism does not mean, never  
 has meant, and never should mean that everything that is,  
 is God." God is not to be identified with nature; he is not  
 the totality of natural objects, but rather the creative  
 power and unity and ground of all nature, <sup>and perhaps</sup> the essence of  
 all things. ¶ I believe in no absolute pantheism, nor abso-  
 lute personalism. As God ~~emanates or~~ pours forth his own  
 life--Being-itself--in the electronic structure of matter,  
 in animal life and more fully in man, made in the image of  
 God himself, may <sup>it</sup> not be possible that I am a part of God,  
 with a spark, or germ, of the divine life within me? May  
 not God be not only the source and ground of all human per-  
 sonalities, but include them all within himself, <sup>yet leave them</sup> in conscious  
 freedom? I have a measure of freedom, I am a responsible  
 self, I can have the will to believe or disbelieve, obey  
 or disobey, I can love or hate God. <sup>thus I preserve my finite freedom</sup> Even though my limited  
 mind cannot fully grasp, and certainly cannot prove that  
 personalism and pantheism are the obverse and reverse of

one reality, what other limited human mind can disprove  
it? This is no part of the bed-rock of my faith, but is  
only a <sup>groping</sup> speculative hope that my speculation is in the right direction.

Because I believe in God I believe in man. I believe man is made in "the image of God", capable of finding God and of fellowship with him. At the height of his being man stands before God at the juncture of nature and spirit. He is both free and bound, blind and far-seeing, strong and weak, good and bad. At the depth and in the center of his being man is sinful. Sin begins in unbelief, in pride, in independence of God. Inevitably self-centered, man becomes selfish. The hard core of sin is making ourselves the center of life. Hence comes lust and a whole brood of appetites and evils. The consequence of sin is the loneliness of a loveless life. It is a life "without God and without hope." ¶ Such a view of sin is not mere theory or theology. A realistic knowledge of myself and of my fellow men, in the presence of God, fills me with a deep sense of sin. Apart from God I might take a shallow view of human nature as good, with Confucius and other humanists, but I <sup>can</sup> ~~am~~ never <sup>be</sup> apart from God in a single thought, or any breath that I draw--except when I sin. If I ask "what is man," at the height of his being, he appears but little lower than the angels, his faculties seem almost godlike. Man is crowned with Reason, capable of thinking God's thoughts after him. Whole systems of philosophic thought like those of Spinoza, Kant and Hegel, are within his grasp, as he reaches out for truth.

Over the long past rise the spacious palaces of Memory, individual and racial, more lofty than Gothic naves, more glittering than the sunlit glass of Chartres. The ~~whole~~ infinite future is within the vision of man's bold Imagination, where his mind is more swift than any rocket plane, <sup>as swift as light or thought.</sup> Nothing seems beyond his reach.

Below and within him are the unfathomable, mysterious depths of the Unconscious. No Freud, no F. W. H. Myers, no psychologist has ever surveyed nor plumbed the depths of this vast area which is far deeper and ampler than man's conscious life. Perhaps there is no bottom. As William James often suggested it may be "continuous" with the Divine Being.

At the height of his being man touches God, communes with him, worships him, loves him. He can say with the Psalmist of old: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? If I ascend into heaven thou art there. If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there. For thou didst form my inward parts (including the subconscious). Search me, O God, and know my heart! And lead me in the way everlasting!"

If I view myself as a responsible human being, I admire the classic Greek virtues of wisdom, courage, self control, and justice. But before God there is no place for self-centered, Stoic virtues, nor for <sup>Paris</sup>aisaic pride, for

1. Psalm 139.

all our righteousness is as "filthy rags". In place of these I accept Jesus' four fundamental attitudes or right relationships as: repentant humility, bold faith, moral purity and agape, or holy sacrificial love, which implies the full sharing of life with God and with man, and the harmonious relation of life to life. For me the final norm of character is the historic incarnation of perfect love.

I believe that God was "in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." I believe that God entered human history in Jesus, the Christ. In this one great deed of God, as a revelatory event, all history is <sup>forever centered and</sup> divided. Henceforth every event is either B. C. or A. D., before Christ, or in the year of our Lord. All history thereby becomes significant and we are assured of the final triumph of God, either in history or beyond it, ~~within~~. For God is not only in our little history of this minor planet but chiefly beyond it. He is not only immanent in time but inhabits eternity.

I believe in the incarnation, that Christ was very God of very God and that Jesus was very man of very man. If he was truly a normal man, ~~tempted in all points as we~~ ~~are~~ then he was limited and fallible. Apparently he believed in a flat earth, in a world created in six days, and in his speedy coming on the clouds of heaven, as the Son of Man. To me this evidence of <sup>his</sup> fallible humanity is very precious. I am content to be fallible and to have our Lord made like unto his brethren, if my Heavenly Father is infallible. Yet I can say to this "man, Christ Jesus", who was my

1. If all Jesus' followers including the Apostle Paul, believed this, they probably received it from him. If the last chapter of Revelation repeats the apostolic hope three times in the statement: "I am coming soon." R.S.V. Does "soon" or "quickly" mean nineteen centuries?

Savior, "My Lord and my God." <sup>9</sup> I believe that Jesus lived, died and rose again from the dead. I believe that he was so identified with God that he was crucified for our sins. Herein is mystery, utterly beyond the grasp of man's feeble mind. I believe in the atonement, not a crude, crass "transaction" of a mechanical salvation to which I am asked to give easy intellectual assent. Perhaps the atonement was wrought out in the Being of God before the foundation of the world--<sup>1</sup>if love needs any atonement. Surely God cannot destroy evil except by taking it into and upon himself. I believe that the cross is an eternally present fact in God as well as in history. I believe the atonement was achieved in history, visualized before us in Christ crucified. Perhaps it is symbolized or dimly adumbrated in our human experience in every parent who suffers for his child who sins.

Kant showed the eighteenth century the limits of human reason. He believed in morality, therefore in God and immortality as necessary postulates. I believe God, unconditionally, and, therefore in morality and personal immortality. I go all the way with A. N. Whitehead in his Process and Reality, when he says: "God's nature is best conceived as that of a tender care that nothing be lost ... He saves the world. He is the poet of the world, with tender patience leading it by the vision

1. Rev. 13:8. In the correct translation the names are written before the foundation of the world on the book of life of the Lamb. Revised Standard Version.

of truth, beauty and goodness . . . God is the great companion--the fellow-sufferer who understands." But I go farther with Whitehead's older brother Henry, in believing that he is the God-Father of Jesus Christ who most fully reveals him.

I believe God, the Absolute, Eternal, Self-identical I AM THAT I AM, unknown and unknowable except so far as he reveals himself, but truly known as revealed in Jesus Christ the incarnation of love. For knowledge of God can never be given in words or doctrines but only in persons, and supremely in One who is the way, the truth and the life. Revelation is in some sense universal. I have found truth in all religions by which myriads of men live. Yet I find the revelation in Jesus Christ unique, supreme and final for our world. <sup>1</sup> And I believe that revelation is not less truly God-given because it is not dictated but discovered. God creates, eternally and continually, God redeems, God rules and gives his "little flock" the Kingdom. All is of God. I believe that in God man is moving forward in his multi-form life--economic, political, cultural, religious--through all his faculties--intellectual, esthetic and ethical--to inherit all truth, beauty, and goodness, <sup>and love.</sup> Therefore literally all things--sacred and secular--are ours, whether the world,--or the universe--or life or death or the present or the future--in this life and beyond--all are ours and we are Christ and Christ is God's. <sup>2</sup>

1. "For God has other words for other worlds  
But for this world, the Word of God is Christ."  
Mrs. Hamilton King in The Disciples.
2. 1 Cor. 3:22.

I believe in the fact that God was in Christ though I do not know whether Jesus was the incarnation of the second person of the Trinity. In my daily thought I am no longer concerned merely for "one world" but for one Universe, with its <sup>Galaxies, star clusters and</sup> thousand million nebulae and, as I firmly believe its thousands of inhabited planets, peopled by sinful beings who must be redeemed. I see beyond, not the monotony of heavenly harps but worlds to be won by God and his fellow workers. We must graduate <sup>in thought</sup> not only from our earth-centered but from our sun-centered <sup>solar</sup> little system, to our God-centered living universe. Could the redemption of worlds beyond best be realized by a crucifixion on a little minor planet called the earth, of which other worlds have never heard, or through an atonement repeated and visualized in God incarnate on <sup>each inhabited</sup> ~~their own~~ planet, in the fulness of time? With John Calvin I am content to leave this to God. I believe Jesus Christ is the Savior of humanity, but that God alone is the Savior of the universe, hence my ultimate theology is not Christocentric, but always theocentric.

1. My evidence is given in my You Will Survive After Death.  
Page 157.

Regarding eschatology, I believe in the ultimate triumph of God as sovereign in our world and in his universe. As the goal of all histories I believe in the coming of the Kingdom of God, beyond history. As the chief act of worship of my life, as I take the Holy Communion every Sunday morning on my knees, I believe that I "proclaim the Lord's death until he comes." I do not believe he is coming on the clouds of heaven, visibly, nor to reign in Jerusalem, literally, but I am quite sure of the final triumph of God and of his Kingdom in the universe, ~~and~~ on this and every other inhabited planet.

I believe the wages of sin is death--or moral separation from God. I believe in the fact of hell as self-exclusion from the Father's heart and home, here or hereafter. I believe it lasts as long--and only as long--as God is excluded from man's life. But while it lasts I believe it is an awful fact--awful beyond the utmost description of any genius to describe, like Dante, or Milton in his Paradise Lost, or here on earth beyond the capacity of a Poe or a Dostoevsky to depict. But if God is love in a moral universe hell or <sup>self-</sup>exclusion from God is not everlasting. I believe in no monotonous, static heaven, in no permanent hell, no eternal punishment and in no personal devil, in a dualistic <sup>I believe</sup> sense with a divided or limited sovereignty of God, although <sup>^</sup>there are still, unfortunately, many evil spirits in God's spiritual universe. In the brief span <sup>I do not believe</sup> of man's little life, finite sin ~~does not~~ merits infinite

punishment. And an all-loving God could not eternally torture helpless sinners. If he did so he would be infinitely worse than Hitler who revived his victims to torture them for a few brief days.

There is no death. When we leave this outworn body the transition of passing through the portal to the larger and better life beyond, does not end the eternal grace of God. He is equally the God of all grace before and after death. I have and I need an infallible God, who is Love. I have and I need no infallible Book. In a rational universe a Book, for which infallibility is claimed, which teaches eternal punishment will inevitably create rebels like Shelly *who cries:*

"Is there a God? Ay, an almighty God,  
And vengeful as almighty."

I find myself in far deeper sympathy with Shelly<sup>c</sup> and a host of his fellow rebels in all the centuries than with a harsh fundamentalist such as took the chair at my lecture on Gandhi in India, and then tried to have all my meetings cancelled all over India because I did not believe that Gandhi must burn<sup>1</sup> in an everlasting scriptural hell.

It will be counted by some of the orthodox as my final heresy if I say that I rejoice that Nels Ferre and Karl Barth--neither of whom has yet a closed system or a closed mind--"seem

1. I had told him privately that I believed that Gandhi was among God's "other sheep not of this fold".

Copy one original and 2 copies

18.

to be turning to a universalist doctrine that in the end all are saved." <sup>1</sup> I am aware that men have been put to death in the Spanish Inquisition--and in Protestant inquisitions--for heresies less than this. But have there not been enough disgraceful tortures, deaths and atrocities in the name of orthodox religion?

If God is love, if it is not his will that any should perish, if Christ died for the ungodly, given all power, all time and all eternity, may it not be literally true that: "We have our hope set on the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of those who believe"? (1 Timothy 4:10) There are many passages contradictory to this, but so there are on <sup>contradictory passages</sup> almost all other essential doctrines. In any case I hold this hope ~~and if this be heresy let any one make the most of it.~~

I believe the Bible is the record of God's revelation to man.

That it contains for me that revelation is evidenced by the worn out Bibles on my desk.

With John Robinson, the Pilgrim of the Mayflower I believe that yet more light is to break forth from God's holy word. I ~~also believe that far beyond the feeble first beginnings of our human experience up to the present time,~~ <sup>experiences</sup> these are but the dim outskirts of God's ways and that "what no eye has seen,

1. Daniel Day Williams, What Present Day Theologians are Thinking. (Harpers, 1952) p. 118. My own evidence for this hope is stated in part in my You Will Survive After Death (Rineharts, 1950), p. 160.

God has many things to say to each of us but we cannot hear them now. There is not one of us but that is crude and imperfect in character and equally so in cultural development. I am ashamed of much that I have done. I am more ashamed of what I have left undone; but most of all I am (over on back)



~~Because I have no closed system, I find it hard to end~~  
~~this brief description of what I believe.~~ <sup>But</sup> ~~and, however,~~ I must close as I  
 began with my surest most central and certain conviction: "I  
 believe God." With Isaac Newton I still feel that I have been  
 "like a boy playing on the seashore ... while the great ocean  
 of truth lay all undiscovered before me." "Now I know in part,"  
 yet "I know Him whom I have believed and I am sure" of the  
 future. I am assured of the future because in the past he has  
 faithfully, yes literally and almost miraculously kept his  
 promise for body, mind and soul, and I can trust him in the *great beyond*  
~~endless future~~ in time and eternity:

"My God will supply every need of yours,

according to his riches in glory in,

Christ Jesus — *and every need of every one in*  
*the whole expanding universe, to which he is adignate.*

## Chapter 9

### IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND THE NEAR EAST

It was my privilege to be in Czechoslovakia during the first thrilling days of the new republic, and to have warm personal contacts with President Masaryk. This son of a coachman, serving as a blacksmith boy went on to become professor of philosophy at Vienna and at Prague. During the war he conducted a campaign for the freedom of his people from the Hapsburgs. In Switzerland, France, England, Italy, Russia, America he sought support, and in Pittsburgh he prepared the constitution for the new republic, and it was adopted by Czechs in Philadelphia beneath the old Liberty Bell. The republic was proclaimed in Prague in 1918, and was confirmed by the Treaty of Versailles in 1920. Report Letter Masaryk  
GOD DO IT p 41

Plans had been made for their first student

Report Letter mass meetings etc

1938 visit

#### ~~In Revolutionary Turkey~~

#### In Ancient Egypt

At the end of 1920 I conducted meetings for a month in various centers in the ancient land of the Pharaohs. I landed in the midst of the unrest and ferment of thought created by the report of the Milner Commission, which had offered Egypt practical independence, with certain reservations about the Canal and the means of communication. At that time I wrote, "It is an amazing document, giving Egypt much more at one sweep than India has been given after all these years." I had ten glorious days in Cairo. Let me share with you a summary which sent home.

R L Oct 2

From Cairo I went to Tanta, Assiut, Luxor, and had to cancel meetings in Alexandria because the doctor advised me not to attempt to speak because of a very bad voice. This is the way I described ~~my~~ my experiences in Assiut in Upper Egypt:

R L Oct 21

#### In Revolutionary Turkey

In Revolutionary Turkey

When I went back to Turkey in 1929, I found a new republic in  
the place of the corrupt and tottering Ottoman Empire I had known EAST 207  
PILGRIMAGE 145

In Old and New Palestine

145

R.L.

## Chapter 10

### WITH THE AMERICAN SEMINAR IN EUROPE

My work has taken me to England frequently in the past sixty years. In fact, I have made ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> thirty annual visits to the British Isles. In the summer of 1920 I responded to my new-found urge to explore social situations and find solutions for social problems. With the help of Jimmie Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall, I made a study of the British labor movement, attended the Trade Union Congress, met Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson and other labor leaders. Suddenly the idea flashed into my mind, why not bring over from the United States <sup>annually</sup> a selected group for this illuminating and enriching experience, <sup>and let them</sup> So in 1921 began the pilgrimage which came to be known as the American Seminar.

~~But~~ Because the first year's experience became a pattern for succeeding years, let me describe it in some detail, and then give you highlights <sup>of later years.</sup> ~~to date.~~

The first party of thirty included Bishop Charles D. Williams, G. Bromley Oxnam, Governor William E. Sweet, Fletcher S. Brockman, Henry P. Van Dusen, Laurence L. Doggett, Paul Blanshard, Jerome Davis, Arthur Roland Elliott, Sidney D. Gamble, Arthur E. Holt, George Stewart, Alva W. Taylor, Kirby Page, Cameron Parker Hall, Ben M. Cherrington, Leslie Blanchard.

The first speaker to address our group at Toynbee Hall, where we stayed and where the sessions were held, <sup>was</sup> Ramsay MacDonald. Before our <sup>visit</sup> ~~stay~~ had ended we had listened to and engaged in discussion with R. H. Tawney, ~~Arthur Henderson~~ <sup>Lord Robert Cecil</sup>, Sidney Webb, G. D. H. Cole, George Lansbury, Margaret Bondfield, Philip Kerr, A. E. Garvie, Hugh Dalton, Seeborn Roundtree, Harold Laski, W. E. Orchard, Bishop Temple, Philip Robert Smillie, Snowden, J. A. Hobson, Arthur Greenwood. Lady Astor honored us with a special reception at her home. Mr. Arthur Henderson and J. R. Clynes invited us to tea on the terrace of the House of Parliament. Lord Robert Cecil <sup>addressed</sup> ~~invited~~ us <sup>at</sup> the League of Nations Union House, ~~where he~~ <sup>addressed us</sup>

return to American to  
about finding  
recall and write their address

Our first program on the Continent laid foundations for future years. In Germany we were entertained by Dr. George Michaelis, former Chancellor of the German Empire. In Berlin we had a memorable interview with Walter Rathenau, Minister of Reparations, and one of the most impressive men I ever met, and were addressed by Julius Richter, Eduard Meyer, and other leaders. One of our "finds" was Arnold Wolfers, who arranged many subsequent programs in Berlin, before coming to Yale. A small group of us toured for three hundred miles through Upper Silesia in a car<sup>1</sup> provided by the German Foreign Office, and saw for ourselves conditions under ~~French~~ <sup>Allied</sup> armed occupation, pending the decision of the League of Nations as to whether it ~~shall~~ <sup>should</sup> be awarded to Germany or to Poland.

*in 1923*  
The ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> seminary group included Reinhold Niebuhr, Bishop William ~~Scarlett~~ <sup>James H. Cannon</sup>, Kirby Page, ~~Scarlett~~ <sup>W. O. Mendenhall</sup>. *We were addressed by* In Berlin I had an interview with President Ebert, cabinet members and leading officials.

In the slums of Berlin we saw something of the horrors of war ~~in the Ruhr~~ <sup>in the Ruhr</sup> ~~in the Ruhr~~ and its aftermath. In the Ruhr, under French armed occupation, I saw the makings of the second world war. I wrote home this warning:

I believe the present policy of the French Government is both futile and fatal and will ~~ultimately~~ ultimately drag the world into war as surely as the events of 1870 ~~and~~ or of 1914. Can you imagine how Americans would feel under similar circumstances? Suppose we had lost the war; that we had been forced to yield to the enemy all the richest and best of our coal fields and the iron and steel works of the Pittsburgh district; that parts of Texas and Oregon had been taken from our territory; that New England was separated from the rest of the states, not only by a military cordon of sentries and barbed wire entanglements, but was also cut off by mail, telegraph and telephone from the rest of the world. Imagine the streets of Boston filled with foreign soldiers in steel helmets... Suppose that the enemy had tried to strangle New England by a hunger blockade and had permitted the communists and radical workers to seize some of the industrial plants... I came into the Ruhr skeptical and doubting stories that I had heard, but after talking with scores of witnesses and after myself witnessing robberies and acts of violence, I am forced to say soberly that for shooting, cruelty, injustice, robberies of banks and of private individuals, I have seen nothing equal to this French occupation of the Ruhr since I left the province of the bandits in Honan, China. In China these barbarisms are committed by bandits in defiance of the Government. In the Ruhr it is by the Government of a nation that boasts of "liberty, equality and fraternity." ... What is going on in the Ruhr today is as deadly and as dangerous as the events of 1870 or 1914. Once again we are drifting blindly into another conflagration.

*Lord Haldane  
"Milk"*

*B. Sherr  
Gilbert Munn  
Munroe Rogers  
H. H. Hall  
H. H. Hall  
F. N. Munn*

In the 1924 party were Charles Clayton Morrison, Judge Florence E. Allen, Ernest F. Tittle, Reinhold Niebuhr, ~~Kirby Page~~, Irving Maurer, Norman B. Nash. We were addressed by seven members of the cabinet, and other leaders, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, Studdert Kennedy, Graham Wallas, J. L. Garvin, Norman Angell. In Berlin we stood in a great throng of 200,000 on Sunday, August 3rd, the tenth anniversary of Germany's entry into the war. The women wept, the men sang "Deutschland uber Alles." The communists broke in with the "Internationale". The crowd mauled them and the police arrested them. We were deeply impressed with the poverty and pessimism of the German people. In Geneva we studied the League of Nations at its headquarters, and in Paris we were addressed by various leaders. I find these words in a letter written home at the time: "We found terrible distrust and suspicion and fear on both sides. More than ever, I have been driven back to the inevitable conclusion that Jesus' way of life is the only solution for the problems of war-torn Europe and the whole world today. We must find some way of escape from war, or they will be at it all over gain."

President von Hindenburg granted an interview to five of us in 1925, and again in 1926 he received eight of us. Among the members of these two parties were E. Stanley Jones, Lin D. Cartwright, Paul G. Macy, Charles L. Seasholes, Margaret Slattery, Justin W. Nixon, <sup>Tully & Knodes,</sup> ~~Kirby Page~~, Louise Gates, Harrison S. Elliott, <sup>^</sup> Mordecai Johnson. In 1927 we were received by Lloyd George, who spoke to us and let us ask questions. The next year we met the Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, and many leaders including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Dean Inge. We had the rare treat of a friendly encounter between George Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor at the latter's residence. In 1929 we were addressed by Lloyd George, H. N. Brailsford, G. P. Gooch, L. P. Jacks, Herbert Gray, and were given receptions by Lady Gladstone to meet Viscount Grey and Viscount Cecil; and by Lord and Lady Astor at their country seat to meet Bernard Shaw and Lord Allenby; and by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace. In Berlin we were

given a reception at the Reichbank by the President, Dr. Schacht. At the close of our stay in Berlin we had the privilege of meeting Einstein. We motored out for an hour and he came in from the country to meet us for tea. He presented a striking personality - a child spirit ~~and~~ with a giant brain. <sup>with</sup> Long white hair like a musician, full oval face, large luminous eyes, he was modest, humble, kindly, humorous and above all, human. In the course of the conversation he said, "My pacifism is an immediate ~~idea~~ feeling. Mass Murder and the destruction of human life is to me disgusting, horrible, impossible. I am glad to see in the world today a rising tide of peace, a growing sentiment for it. But it is not strong enough as yet to avert a sudden catastrophe of war." How true his words proved to be! And that day little did he foresee the abandonment of his own pacifism as he faced the ghastly tyranny of Hitlerism.

From 1923 to 1937 our party made visits to Soviet Russia, but I shall tell you about that in the next chapter. Some years we visited the Scandanavian countries, sometimes we included <sup>Poland, Austria,</sup> Czechoslovakia and the Balkans, and sometimes we went to Italy. A section of one party led by Charles P. Taft was received the the Pope and by Mussolini. The 1933 tour was memorable especially because of our experiences in Berlin. That year I felt that the crisis in Germany called for more than mere conventional politeness. I felt constrained to ask the Nazis whether they were dragging us up to the precipice of another war as in 1914. I asked them whether they were giving justice to all their people or only to favored Aryans and Nordics. Were they giving or denying justice to Jews, to socialists, to communists, to pacifists and other minorities? I asked if they had denied all liberty of speech, of the press, of association and assembly to their people. We had just left England where the Archbishop of Canterbury had taken the chair at a united meeting of protest against Germany's medieval persecution of the Jews and other minorities. Pilgrimage 194

The 1937 tour was one of the most thrilling of them all. In England David Lloyd George again spoke to our group, as did Viscount Cecil, the Marquess of Lothian, S. K. Ratcliffe, H. N. Brailsford, John MacMurray, G. P. Gooch. In France we met Premier Chautemps, Minister of Justice Auriol, M. ~~de~~ <sup>de</sup> Johaux, Andre Philip, and Nicholas Berdyaev. We had memorable experiences in Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and this time <sup>I</sup> included Spain. (Sherwood: Do you want to add a

I feel that my part in the American Seminar to Europe has been one of the most significant experiences of my life, because of the leaders in the various countries with whom we discussed world problems, because of the influential individuals who composed our group, and because of the ~~various~~ <sup>many</sup> ominous crises faced, year after year.

Included in the seminar of <sup>President</sup> Paul H. Huchinson, Patrick Murphy Malen, various years were James Gordon Gilkey, Henry & Leifer David Bryn-Jones, Ray Sweetman, N. L. O'Rourke, Ashby M Jones, John Sutherland Bonnell, Rabbi Frederick T. Shipp, B.R. Brickner, Kenneth L Brown, Norman F. Coleman, Hon H. Danforth, Chester Lowell, Mildred Stevens, Gardner M Day, Frank B Fagerburg, Dorothy Foddick, Fred Hoskins, Phyllis C Knolls, Miles H Krumholz, Henry T. Moore

W. W. Miller, Lawrence

## Chapter 11

### EX PERIENCES IN SOVIET RUSSIA

Fifteen times I have visited Russia; twice under the Czars, <sup>in 1911 and 1912;</sup> and <sup>^</sup> thirteen times under the Soviet regime, in 1923, 1926, 1929, and annually ~~until~~ through 1939. Take your stand there in 1923 and get a feel of the situation. Eleven catastrophic years had passed since my previous visit. To the very end the Russian nobility had dined and danced and caroused over the exploited bodies of the people; and to the very end the Czar as the official head of the church had approved of his own actions as head of the state. A shot in far off Serajevo <sup>had brought</sup> ~~was the trigger~~ <sup>^</sup> about the precipitous mobilization of the imperial army, the Russian general mobilization being the first of the great powers and proving to be the match that ignited world war. <sup>Came</sup> Then the collapse of the <sup>^</sup> old system under the weight of corruption and the waging of war on a colossal scale, followed by the Kerensky revolution, and the seizure of power by Lenin and Trotsky on November 7, 1917.

Once more I was in on the ground floor of revolution, arriving ~~on the scene~~ six years after ~~the~~ Bolshevism achieved power, two years following the adoption of the New Economic Policy, and only a year after the terrible famine ~~the~~ which continued into 1922, when the total number of those affected by the famine was about forty million people. Memories of the civil war were vivid, and only three years before ~~had~~ the Allied armies of occupation withdrawn, including the armed forces of the United States in Siberia. In 1923 there were few foreign visitors in Russia, and I saw only a handful of Americans. <sup>(323)</sup> I found money wages reduced to twenty-five cents per day. With their depreciated currency I paid for a pair of shoe laces ~~25,000,000~~ 65 million rubles, <sup>and 26 m. r. for</sup> ~~and 96 million rubles for half a large loaf of bread, with~~ a ride on a street-car, ~~and 26 million rubles.~~

I did not go to Russia because I had any hankering after communism, but because, from the beginning ~~until this moment~~, the experiment in Russia seemed to me to be a warning and a challenge. I <sup>had great</sup> ~~was~~ possessed ~~by~~ eagerness to understand what was going on. Not until 1926 was I able to make arrangements for the first visit of ~~the~~ American Seminar

*names of members*

to Russia, composed of twenty-four educators, editors, religious leaders, social workers and business men. Four members of our group spoke Russian. We were granted freedom in Russia, we went where we wished, chose the institutions we wished to inspect and freely interviewed both friends and foes of the government. We had talks with about thirty ~~unofficial~~ political leaders, including Chicherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Lunacharsky, Minister of Education; and Jerome Davis, ~~who~~ who spoke Russian, obtained an interview with Stalin, who, as I wrote at the time, "more than any other has succeeded to Lenin's influence and power."

Among the members of our party were G. Bromley Oxnam,

~~Charles Clayton Morrison~~ Charles Clayton Morrison, Chester Rowell, Jerome Louise Gates, Davis, William H. Danforth, William ~~Scarlett~~ Scarlett, Tully Knoles, Mrs. Ralph Adams Cram Kirby Page, Fred W. Ramsay, Cameron Hall, Sidney Gamble, *Matthew Shinka*

*RL 1*

We visited many of the places of importance *RL 1*

One of the highlights of this visit to Russia was a period when voiced we ~~spoke~~ frankly to a group of Russian leaders ~~about~~ our major criticisms of what we had seen and heard. In 1923, in an interview Challenge 176

In a letter sent home after our stay in Russia, I drew up a balance sheet of impressions. Among the evils I listed were these three: ~~the~~ *RL 2*

On the side of appreciation, I wrote:

As I left Russia in 1929, going out by way of the Baltic and on to Turkey and India, I wrote to friends in America of my growing apprehension over the tightening up all along the line in that land. In 1926 we criticized freely and debated on religion, but no such discussion with leaders and no debate would <sup>have been</sup> ~~be~~ permitted <sup>three years later</sup> ~~now~~. Russia was then in the midst of a prolonged battle between the forces of religion and anti-religion. In many homes I saw the ikons supplanted by the pictures of Lenin. In others the ikon was in one corner and the picture of Lenin in the other, sometimes signifying a divided allegiance 182

In my old papers I find a copy of a letter I wrote to my old friend Raymond Robins, dated August 17th, 1929, and filling eight <sup>single-spaced</sup> ~~double-spaced~~ pages of typewriting, in which I expressed my deep concern over the intensifying terror and religious persecution. Here is the way I felt:

They have tightened their persecution of both the left and right in their party, and all who do not agree with the Stalin majority, determined to have a "monolithic" party. It seems that several thousand have been exiled under the terror, and several thousand more under religious persecution. After I visited Russia in 1926, I stated that the secret executions of the G. P. U. had been abandoned and persons were entitled to an open trial. I regret that such is no longer the case. The Government is quite willing to allow the droning services in the Orthodox Church (though an increasing number of churches are being closed), but the moment any man or group of church is obviously modern or scientific or successful; the moment they show signs of appealing to youth or students; the moment they show any signs of becoming popular or successful; the moment they stand for unity or cooperation or internationalism, they must be quickly, and if possible, quietly suppressed... A Christian Student Movement is allowed in every civilized country in the world except Soviet Russia. Here it has been completely crushed out. This is the only country on earth where I would not dare meet three students in a room to talk about religion. If it were known, it would mean immediate exile for them, and I would never again be allowed to return here.

Twice I talked with the Attorney General of the Soviet Union about <sup>their</sup> ~~this~~ persecution of religion, but received from him no satisfaction whatever. <sup>over</sup> ~~^~~

After my 1930 visit to Soviet Russia, in The Challenge of Russia, I devoted a long chapter to a plea for the diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States, from which these words are taken: Challenge 251



After the 1937 trip to the Soviet Union, this is what I wrote down:

Europe Today 35

But earlier in the same report I had written: 23

A hundred times I have written down the truth, and more than a hundred times from the platform and pulpit have proclaimed that it is a sheer impossibility for me to be a communist, or a fellow traveler of communism. But I never felt that I must play the ostrich and bury my head in the sands of ignorance concerning all things communistic, and it never seem<sup>ed</sup> right or helpful to ~~have been~~ breathe out bitterness and hatred toward the men in the Kremlin. For thirty years now I have <sup>been making</sup> ~~been~~ a vigorous and continuous effort to find out what they have been thinking and doing, and to share my convictions with all who would pay heed. Back in 1934 I wrote:

Pilgrimage 325

It was on September 1, 1939, that Hitler sent his troops and air forces crashing into Poland, and thus began the war which ~~is~~ only God knows when it will come to an end. A mere six weeks before that day, I was in Russia on my fifteenth trip to that country.

*God Do It 68*

5

As I reflect on the ~~many~~ visits of the American Seminar to Russia in 1926 and every year from 1929 to 1939, I have a sense of amazement that we were allowed to <sup>go</sup> ~~come~~ back regularly year after year. Every member of the Seminar knew that he was free to speak his mind freely when he returned to the United States, ~~and~~ to write as he saw fit, ~~with just one exception, all of them~~ <sup>and they remain individual</sup> returned to criticize many ideas and practices found in the Soviet Union. Personally, I never felt any restraint in revealing my convictions about the situation there. If I had been merely critical, if I <sup>had gone</sup> ~~was~~ just to find fault, there would have been little value in putting forth the effort to make these many journeys. Therefore, I grasped at any evidence of lessons to be learned by Americans, sought eagerly to see the good side wherever it could be found, and endeavored to present a balance account. The result is that the letters I sent home, the articles I wrote, the chapters in my books, the ~~addresses~~ <sup>in the Soviet Union,</sup> I delivered all over the United States, were filled with material showing economic gains, <sup>advances in health,</sup> improvements in workers' conditions, higher status <sup>for</sup> women, strides <sup>taken</sup> ~~made~~ in race relations, better recreational facilities, the spread of cultural advantages. Indeed, year after year, I was constantly under a fire of criticism, including rebukes from friends, for "distorting" and "exaggerating" these gains. As I go over the written record, and attempt to analyze my feelings through the years, I <sup>can see</sup> ~~am~~ that honestly I tried to be dispassionate, accurate and fair. From the clearer vision provided by hindsight, I can now see mistakes that I made, and am somewhat embarrassed by the some prophecies made. But I knew then, and I know now, that the mutual understanding of Americans and Russians is a matter of life and death, not only for these peoples, but for much of mankind.

## Chapter 12

### STRIVING TO BUILD A NEW AMERICA

When I retired from the Young Men's Christian Association at the  
age of sixty, I was given a farewell banquet by friends in New York,  
Addresses were given by Alfred E. Marling, John R. Mott, and Raymond  
Robins, about the work I had been doing as an Association secretary since  
1896. Much hilarity was engendered by the chairman's summary of my  
traits of character. I was given a mark of 48 for modesty, for shrinking  
from giving my opinions; 70 for sense of humor, which I thought was much  
too low; companionableness from 78 to 100 depending upon <sup>my degree of preoccupation;</sup> ~~the mood I was~~  
~~in~~ ; 88 for wisdom; but some marks were higher, 110 for cock-sureness, and  
116 for nerve ~~and~~.

I was surrounded by old and dear friends, and the members of my  
family, and had caught the spirit of the festive occasion, but when I  
was presented to speak, I felt that I must give a frank statement about  
some of my deep convictions and concerning my work in the future, so I  
~~hesitant~~ said:

I think I could sum it all up in one word. p. 2

I pointed out that this meant seven things for me: basic economic  
justice, justice and fellowship in race relations, clean politics, right  
international relations, the abolition of war, right relations between  
men and women, the rediscovery of the religion of Jesus and the gaining  
of spiritual dynamic. On the question of politics I said:

p. 7

And in conclusion I made this appeal:

p 13

My work of personal evangelism was continued in the colleges, at  
youth gatherings, in the churches. I was no less concerned than before  
to win men to Christ, and I devoted my energies to challenging individuals  
to give their total allegiance to him and to his cause. But I was equally  
fervent in my plea to become consecrated workers in the task of Christianizing  
the social order. From the platform, in the pulpit, in acriticles and  
pamphlets and books, I brought a continuing indictment against the present  
social order, and challenged men to help build a Christian society. The  
nature of my indictment may be revealed most compactly by printing the  
table of contents of ~~DANGER ZONES~~ Danger Zones of the Social Order, one of  
a steady stream pamphlets we published:

In my pamphlet Religion and Social Justice, a long section was given to "The Teaching of Jesus," from which these words are taken:

29

After examining various passages, I inquired:

33

Doom and Dawn 73 With Reinhold Niebuhr, I wrote a pamphlet in 1936 entitled Doom and Dawn, from which these passages are taken:

I became so disillusioned with the Republican and the Democratic Party, and so convinced that the Socialist Party could not become in the United States the instrument of social change, that, along with Norman Thomas and ~~many~~ other Socialists, I worked for a new political alignment which would bring labor and the liberal forces together in a single party. For this reason I was glad to be one of the sponsors of the League for Independent Political Action, under the leadership of John Dewey and Paul H. Douglas.

An experience in Arkansas opened my eyes to the need of the sharecroppers in the South.

~~66~~ Chapter 17

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

After nearly half a century of glorious married life, Maud Eddy went on before me to the other world, on August 29~~th~~, 1945. Since the homegoing of our son Arden and our daughter Margaret, she had lived more and more in the invisible world of the spirit. During the last months of her earthly life she endured much physical pain. If a human soul was ever ready for heaven, and was eager to enter, it was Maud Eddy. Joyously had she followed Christ, valiantly had she done the will of God, and redemptively had she shared with many people. She <sup>was already</sup> ~~had been~~ at home in the world of the spirit, and was ready for her promotion.

I was married to Miss Louise Gates, on April 27, 1946. She had served the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo, Rio de Janeiro, Montreal, and for seven years was General Secretary of the National Y. W. C. A. of Canada. In 1951 we moved our home to Jacksonville, Illinois, where she had grown up, and where her father had been president of MacMurray College. For a while I taught courses in the two colleges of the community. This is a delightful place to live, with friendly neighbors and many cultural advantages. We enjoy our quiet life, with our beautiful boxer dog, Gretchen, and spend many hours with the great masters of music, on these wonderful new long-playing records.

→ I am not much given to living in the past, and I have never brooded over the future. Life this day is so exhilarating that it consumes me. But as I reach the end of this manuscript, I cannot refrain from sharing with you reflections of the years which have gone and anticipations of days to come.

Sherwood: You will want to write a paragraph about your plans for next year and beyond